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OUR BIRD.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"As when a bird hath flown through the air, there is no token of her way to be found, and no sign whither she went."
WISDOM OF SOLOMON, 5th and 11th.

There came a bird of merry song,
Bright eye, and plumage rare,
A heavenly visitant to make
This world of ours more fair.

It chirp'd amid the birds of spring,
It drank the balmy ray,
And pour'd a wild, enchanting strain
Through the long summer day.

Yet when the leaves began to fall
At autumn's frosty prime,
It seem'd to meditate a flight
To some more genial clime.

In its soft nest, 'mid branches green,
We saw its drooping head;
And then it spread its wing and left
No token where it fled;

No vestige of its fairy form,
Or of its tuneful lay,
Save the large tear in Memory's heart,
That will not dry away.

Hartford, Conn., Feb. 25th, 1861.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1851, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]

THE HOMEWARD RIDE.

SILVERTHORNE;

OR,

THE HEIRS OF CHESWOLD MANOR.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER VII.

THE STORY OF A BRAVE DEED.

Lorinda awoke as from a deep sleep. At first her mind was so utterly confused that she realized nothing. Gradually, however, the terrible scene of storm and danger was unfolded to her memory, and it was apparent to her that she had been saved from death. She remembered the Ledges—how she was driven towards them—how she had given herself up as lost—how she had been swept down by a heavy sea—and how she had felt something like the grasp of a human hand upon her arm. It was very faint in her recollection, but she could nevertheless trace it out as it appeared to her returning reason. She tried to think of more, but she could not. How she had been saved, or what had transpired since that fainting moment, she could not tell. Finally she opened her eyes, and moved her head upon her pillow. Her first experience was that of pain and languor. Next she looked about to see where she was. It was a very small apartment, roughly furnished, and oddly constructed, and the light came from a large lantern suspended from a beam not far from her. While she was thus engaged, she realized that her couch had a rocking motion, sometimes from side to side, and then from head to foot. It very soon appeared to her that she was upon the water—of course in a vessel of some sort—and this must be a cabin. It could not be a large vessel, with so small a cabin, nor could it be such a vessel as she had sometimes sailed in, with a cabin so poorly furnished. She was in a low, narrow bunk, but the bed was soft and warm, and her pillow was dry and clean. When she had seen all this, she closed her eyes again, and tried to call something to mind which had not yet appeared, but the effort was fruitless. Presently a sound fell upon her ear, as though some one were moving near her. She looked, and saw a man standing close by, with his back to the lantern. She could not see his face distinctly, but she could see that he was habited in the garb of a sailor. She was not frightened, for surely only friendly hands could have been about her.

"Good sir," she said, slightly lifting her head, "where am I?"

The man moved forward, and rested his hand upon the edge of the bunk, bending over so as to look into her face.

"Fair lady, you are safe, and in the hands of those who will protect you, so have no fears on that score."

The voice sounded familiar, and now that Lorinda could see more of his face, that, too, seemed familiar.

"Are you one of Sir Edward's men?" she asked.

"No, lady. Don't you remember me?"

"I have seen you."

"Yes—and I wish you would tell me where, for I might then determine how far you have recovered from the effects of the terrible ordeal through which you have passed."

He moved so that the light shone upon his face, and she quickly remembered him.

"I saw you at Farworth," she said. "You came with my guardian, and your name is John Darwood."

"You are right, lady. And now, let me ask of you a favor. I see that you have recovered your senses, but your strength is very low. Rest easy as you are—ask no questions now, and in the morning you may be strong enough to be carried to Cheswold."

Lorinda felt the justness of the caution, for the effort she had already made had given new pain to her head, with a sensation of sinking and dizziness. Still she could not be wholly silent. Where was she?

"You are on board a vessel, which is anchored in a snug cove, some fifteen miles from Cheswold. You are safe, and shall be cared for as though a parent's hand were here to soothe you."

How came she there?

Darwood urged her to ask no more.

And yet one question: How long to morning?

"It is now only a little past midnight. Here is a draught which I have prepared. It is very simple, and will soothe and quiet you. Drink it, and then rest. As soon as the day breaks we will send to Cheswold, and let your guardian know where you are."

Darwood held a cup towards her as he spoke, and, without hesitation, she took it and drank its contents. The taste was agreeable, and almost instantly did she feel a soothing effect. Then she lay back upon her pillow, and the man left her. She closed her eyes, but she did not so quickly sleep. She had something to think of—aye, much, much. She knew that Darwood was a smuggler. Then was she not now on board a smuggling vessel, and surrounded by a smuggling crew? The conclusion was natural, and yet it gave her no uneasiness. And there was one more thought: When Darwood was at Farworth, there was another with him. Might not that other person be also on board the vessel? Might he not be near her now? And so, from John Darwood, with his kindly face and silvered hair, the maiden's thoughts wandered off to another, with a younger, fairer face, whose hair could have no silver threads woven with its raven locks for years to come, and there her thoughts rested until she fell asleep. Strange how thoughts will sometimes run!

When Lorinda next awoke, the light of day was shining into the small cabin, and she could plainly see that the sun had risen clear and bright. But what was this new motion which she felt? What occasioned the racket over her head, and why were those many feet hurrying so upon the deck? And the din of voices, which mingled with the rattle of ropes and the flapping of canvass—why was it? She raised herself upon her elbow, and looked out from her bunk. There was a female sitting close by, who arose and came towards her. She was a middle-aged woman—perhaps rather beyond that, for as she came into the stronger light, the marks of time were more visible upon her features. She was small in stature, full and fair in form, neatly, though poorly clad, and wearing, upon a face that must once have been very handsome, an expression of gentle, hearty kindness. The countenance was familiar—not as that of an acquaintance, but as one that had been seen at some former time.

"Dear lady," spoke the attendant, in a low, soft tone, at the same time reaching up and resting her hand lightly upon the maiden's shoulder, "I hope you feel better now."

Lorinda did feel better than she had felt when she was awake before, and so she said. But who was it that addressed her?

"My name is Margaret Rowland. I think you have seen me before."

Aye—Lorinda knew her now very well, for she had seen her often upon the beach, and she furthermore knew the story of her life. She had been the wife of one of the most daring of the smugglers of the Irish Sea. Her husband had been dead for several years, and she had since lived in a small cot upon the coast, where the sick and exhausted seafarer found a shelter and a nurse. Lorinda knew her, and trusted her.

Margaret had food and drink at hand, but before the maiden partook she wished to know what was going on. Why was all that disturbance?

"Be not alarmed," replied Margaret. "It shall all come out right in the end. But you will not reach Cheswold quite so soon as has been promised."

By this time Lorinda had raised herself to a sitting posture, and as her kind attendant placed pillows behind her, she sat very comfortably. There was no pain in her head, nor was there any of that dizzy sensation which she had before experienced. She felt that she was weak, and that there was some slight pain in her limbs, but otherwise she did not suffer. She was not sick, nor was she flushed with fever.

"What is it?" she asked, with some concern. "The vessel is sailing. Is it not so?"

"You are right, lady, but there is no cause for alarm. Do you know the character of this vessel?"

"I suppose it must be a smuggler."

"Ah—how gained you that knowledge?"

"John Darwood has been here, and I know that such is his occupation."

"Aye—and John Darwood called for me to come and attend you. Hark! Here he is now. Ah, Darwood, the lady is much better, though she is somewhat anxious to know why she is sailing away from the shore, and you have come just in season to answer her. She knows your colors."

This last had been addressed to the man himself, who had come down to see how the fair patient was getting on. He smiled as he approached the side of the bunk, and put forth his hand, which Lorinda grasped at once.

"Then you know that I am a smuggler?" he said.

"Yes," she replied. "My guardian told me so on that evening after you had gone away from Farworth."

"And yet you will trust me?"

"Yes, sir—with the confidence of my inmost soul."

"Then trust me when I assure you that all is thus far well," resumed the old man. He pressed her hand with gentle, fervent emotion; and then added: "I told you that you should be carried to your home this morning; but it cannot be. Since you know the character of our vessel, you must also know how liable we are to be forced to flee from danger. Early this morning several of our people went on shore to make arrangements for your removal. While thus engaged, we were surprised by a party of revenue officers, and forced to flee. We escaped them for the time, and made our way to Margaret Rowland's cot, where we found a kind nurse for you. She was anxious to accompany us, that she might render you such assistance as she could. But even then, mind you, we supposed we should be able to convey you to Cheswold during the forenoon. However, as we were putting off in our boat, it being then broad daylight, we were again discovered by the officers, and they quickly found a boat, and gave us chase. There was nothing left for us to do but to make all haste, and escape the best way we could. We reached our vessel, and made sail at once. And so, lady, you may be forced to remain in your present quarters till night comes again. You will not blame us; for, on your part, a stern necessity brought you here; and, on our part, a stern necessity compels us to the step we have taken. And, furthermore, let me hope that you will suffer no uneasiness. Perhaps, lady, it is better as it is. You will have time for rest now; and such medications as you may need are at hand."

Lorinda had at first shown signs of disappointment; but she showed none now.

"I am content," she said. "Indeed, I owe you too much to feel otherwise. Simple gratitude, if nothing more, would lead me to yield with a good grace. And now, sir, since I am strong enough to listen, will you tell me how I came here?"

"Certainly, fair lady. But wait a moment, and let me see if I am wanted on deck."

Darwood went up, and very soon returned.

"We are safe," he said. "The officers cannot follow us." Then he drew a stool up by the side of the bunk, and sat down.

"I don't suppose you remember much after your barge was swept by the breaking flood of the Ledges?"

"No," replied Lorinda. "I remember of being knocked down; and I have a faint recollection of being drawn up out of the water; but nothing more."

"Well," resumed Darwood, "your boat was seen when the squall struck it, and anxious eyes were watching it, for it was known that the lady of Farworth had gone out with Jack Spencer, and the approaching storm had been calculated upon. As your frail, disabled bark was driven nearer to the point from whence you were observed, it was seen that your companion was gone, and that you were all alone. And, furthermore, it was plainly seen that you were being driven directly upon the Ledges. If you had no help you would be surely lost. It was a terrible scene—the dark sea, lashed by the mad storm—the dismantled, helpless barge, tossed and driven by the gale—and the frantic, powerless girl, hastening on to swift destruction! And it needed a stout, bold heart, and a strong arm, to meet the necessity of that awful hour. But, thank God, such a heart, and such an arm, were at hand. Upon the beach was a surf-boat, small and light, lined with cork, and made on purpose to ride the breaking waves, and float up from the whelming flood. Into this leaped a single man, who put forth for the work. Stoutly and tirelessly did he breast the raging storm; and if he had a fear, it was for the being he would save. Many times was he completely buried in the sea, but the buoyant little boat struggled bravely up; and finally the barge was reached—and reached, too, with not a moment to spare. The boatman was lashed to his seat, and his broad paddles were secured in their places, so he had both his stout arms free; and, fearing no danger from the concussion to his own lithe craft, he dashed alongside the barge, and seized the sinking, fainting maiden by the shoulder, and gained a hold upon her arms. In a moment more the barge was upon the rocks, and her rended fragments were tossed high in the air. But the skiff was pulled quickly back, and forced around under the lee of the Ledges; for the scene of the wreck was at the very outer extremity of the reef; so the passage back was made without much further danger. For shelter the boatman pulled at once towards his vessel, which lay in a cove, shielded from the storm; and there he at length arrived, and delivered his charge to those who were better able to take care of her than he then was. It was almost a miracle; and yet I doubt if another man of all our crew could have borne up under the wondrous labors of that fearful passage."

The old man stopped, and for some moments the silence was only broken by the sounds from overhead. At length Lorinda spoke. Her voice was low and tremulous, and there was a look of strange eagerness upon her face.

"Who saved me? Was it you?"

"No, lady. He who saved you was stouter and stronger than I. You know him as you had known me ere you saw me here. He once helped save your guardian. You remember Elroy Clifton?"

"Yes."

"He it was who saved you."

"And he does not come near me now?"

"He is not able."

"Is he hurt? Did he suffer in his efforts for me?"

"It is nothing dangerous, lady. He was somewhat bruised and exhausted, and needs rest; but he will soon get over it."

"John Darwood, you tell me truly? He is not much injured?"

"No. It is as I have said. I would not deceive you. And now, that you know all, do you, too, rest. Margaret will attend upon you, and minister to all your wants."

With this Darwood left the cabin, and when he had reached the deck, Lorinda lay back upon her pillow and closed her eyes. Did she sleep? Ah, no. Did she think? She must have thought. And of what?—Aye, of what? Go ask a woman's heart!

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HERO, AND THE HEROINE.

Towards the middle of the forenoon Lorinda felt strong enough to sit up and partake of some refreshment which Margaret had prepared for her. A noble old wine was so spiced and warmed that it imparted new vigor to her frame, and the food was so nicely cooked that she relished it much. Later in the day she resumed her clothing, which had been dried and pressed; and towards the close of the afternoon she expressed a wish to go on deck. Margaret went up, and when she returned she brought two men with her, one of whom was Darwood, the other being introduced as Captain Barthol. The name was familiar to her, as it was to every one at all acquainted with the coast of Lancashire. The bold and daring smuggler chieftain, Duncan Barthol, was one of the notabilities of the Irish Sea, as he was one of the wonders of fireside story-tellers. He was a middle-aged man; of medium size; muscular and sinewy; with a face very far from ill-looking. He was of a rough, bold presence; but there was a hearty frankness in his manner, and an outspoken sincerity in his professions of friendship, which at once inspired confidence. He could be no secret foe.

"My fair lady," he said, extending his broad, hard hand, "they tell me you would like to come upon deck."

"Yes, sir," she replied, giving him her hand as though he had been her true friend for years.

He marked her manner; and it touched him quickly, as could be seen in the warmer light of his eyes, and in the softer glow upon his bronzed cheek.

"Do you feel strong enough?" he asked, gazing into her sweet face with a look of admiration.

"O, yes, sir. I think I should feel better in the fresh air."

"Anything, my dear lady, which we can do for your comfort, shall be done at once, and cheerfully," the chieftain said, still gazing down into her fair face. "Not only for the sake of yourself would we do it, but also out of the regard we have for your noble guardian. Sir Edward Stanton has been no friend to the business we follow; but he has, on more than one occasion, proved himself a true and faithful friend to those of our band who, in the hour of misfortune and need, have fallen in his way. So, though you may see rough faces here, you will fear no danger."

"In truth, good sir," spoke Lorinda, with deep sincerity, "I have seen enough of earth and earthly things, to show me that a rough face may wear the impress of a kind and generous heart. I have already received my life at the hands of your people; and I should be ungrateful indeed could I now doubt your truth and honor?"

"Thank you, lady." The words were simple; but they were spoken with much feeling; and then the captain took the maiden by the hand, and led her up from the cabin.

When she reached the deck, and gazed around, she found the general complexion of things to be far more neat and cleanly than she had been led to anticipate. The vessel was a brig, full-rigged; of goodly size; and built with an eye to safety and speed. Her deck was flush, fore and aft; the planks clean; and the rigging disposed of in an orderly manner. And then the men, of whom there were some fifteen, or more, were by no means villains in look. Most of them had a bold, reckless bearing; and they were, in truth, a rough, hardy set, inured to toil and danger; ready to meet either friend or foe; and submissive to a rigid discipline. Our fair heroine saw little there calculated to grace the higher and better walks of life; she saw little there in keeping with the purer dictates of the moral nature; but, for all this, she saw better looking men than she had expected. The smugglers were not so black as they had been painted.

The breeze was fresh and pure, and as it swept Lorinda's brow, she felt stronger than before. She breathed more freely, and the blood started to a more brisk and healthful circulation. The sun was low down towards the western horizon, and the vessel was sailing very nearly in the direction of the point where it would set. She saw land ahead, faintly looming up in the distance; and as she stood gazing upon it, the captain, who had been narrowly watching her, approached her, and spoke:

"You see the land, lady?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know what it is?"

"I have been thinking, sir, that it must be the coast of Ireland, as we are sailing towards the setting sun."

"And does the thought trouble you?"

Had she answered from the promptings of her first emotions, she would have confessed that she was somewhat troubled; but she believed they were doing the best they could for her, so she would not find fault.

"Were I not sure that you would serve me to the best of your power," she replied, "I might feel some uneasiness at thus being borne so far from my home."

"You are right, lady, in both cases. That is the coast of Ireland; and we would serve you to the best of our ability. We meant to have landed you before noon; but a government vessel was on our track during the first half of the day, and we were forced to bear away in this direction. And now, I can only say—you shall be returned to your home at the earliest possible moment. So, rest as easy as you can."

With this Barthol turned to the helmsman, and Lorinda cast her eyes again over the deck. There was one of the crew whom she had not seen—one whom she had looked for with a strange eagerness and fluttering of heart. Was he still suffering? She could not resist the desire to know, and she turned to Margaret Rowland, who stood near, and asked, where was Elroy Clifton.

"He is in the forecastle," replied Margaret; "and he is much better than he was. He has been on deck since dinner. Darwood says he will soon be well again; for he is young and strong, and has never abused himself with drink."

"O, I am glad of that," ejaculated the maiden, breaking in before her attendant had fairly closed.

"So am I," added Margaret; "for he is a noble youth—the best I ever knew. We all love him, and should suffer much were any injury to befall him." She cast her eyes about as though she would be sure that no one else overheard her, and then she continued, "He isn't much like those with whom he has to keep company. Not that they are bad men—for they are not. They are better at heart than a good many who persecute them. But he is of a different turn of mind. He was cast in a different mould, like; and is different every way."

And from this Margnret went on to tell of many generous, brave deeds which Elroy Clifton had done. The theme was one in which her best sympathies were enlisted, and she spoke warmly, and even eloquently.

It was remarkable how patiently the fair young heiress of Farworth listened. Aye, more,—how deeply absorbed she was by her companion's recital, and how the color came and went upon her cheeks, and how her bosom rose and fell! And yet she was not surprised. No, no,—it was all natural. These glowing lights were but parts of a picture, which, by some marvellous chance, had become fixed in her mind.

The sun sank behind the long line of the coast, and as the air of evening grew more chill, Lorinda went below, where her supper was soon prepared. She eat with a keen relish; and, when she finally rested her head upon her pillow, she felt that all danger from the effects of her exposure to the storm was passed. When she awoke in the morning she felt no pain, no dizziness; but the old feeling of strength and buoyancy of spirit was in her soul. She dressed herself and eat her breakfast, and then went on deck. Land was still in sight; but not over the bows, as before, though it was still to the westward. The shore was now upon her left hand, and the brig was running to the northward. Ah—and she could see other land, too, as the morning sun drove away the mist from the surface of the sea—land upon the opposite bow. She was wondering what this could mean when Capt. Barthol approached, and addressed her.

"Do you know where you are?" he asked, after he had spoken touching her health.

"No, sir," she replied. "I was just thinking if I could imagine."

"Well, lady, we're in the North Channel. That land off here is the coast of the County of Antrim. The city of Belfast lies away in this direction, just over the larboard beam. The land which you see over the starboard bow is a piece of the Scottish coast. Away over the starboard quarter, if you look sharp, you can see the Isle of Man. We've been forced to make this run; but pretty soon we'll bear away for the coast of Cumberland, and so run down to Lancashire this evening. If nothing unusual happens, you shall be landed within four-and-twenty hours. So keep up a brave heart, and make the best of your trip; for this may be the last cruise you'll ever make in a smuggler."

He smiled as he said this, and Lorinda quickly replied:

"I hope, sir, that I may never fare worse."

"So do I," added Barthol. He smiled again, and then turned away to attend the sailing of his vessel.

By and by Lorinda went below, where she found a book that engaged her attention for an hour, or so, after which she entered into a conversation with Margaret, who enlightened her considerably upon the habits, and customs, and liabilities of the English smugglers. At length Jack Darwood came down, and after speaking upon one or two topics that were of no possible interest, he intimated that he had an errand to deliver.

"My dear lady," he said, in a hesitating manner, "I thought you might like to know that Elroy is on deck. He has come out bright and fresh this morning, and his hand is almost as strong in its grasp as ever. When he inquired for you, I thought I'd bring him down at once; but he wouldn't come—he wouldn't intrude upon you. Perhaps you'd like to see him. If you would, I know he would be pleased to come, though I didn't let him know that I was coming on this errand."

"I would like to see him," returned Lorinda. "I should like very much to see him."

Perhaps Darwood thought she spoke coolly; but, ah, if he could have felt the flutter at his heart which she felt at hers—if he could have felt the warm blood rushing through his veins as she felt it rushing through her's—he would have seen a light which did not then cast its beams upon him. However, he went on deck, and presently returned with Elroy Clifton. The youth was attired in a neat, newly made sailor's garb; and as he removed his hat the raven curls fell over a brow somewhat paler than it had been before, but none the less beautiful for that. He advanced, and extended his hand. His step was tremulous, and there was a quiver of the nether lip as he spoke:

"Lady—thank God you are alive and well!" His voice was very low; and it was plain to be seen that he struggled hard to speak calmly.

What should Lorinda Verbrook answer? She gave him her hand, but her lips failed her. There were many thoughts crowding upon her, and rushing through her mind. She remembered the meeting at Farworth, and the feelings she had then experienced. She remembered the dreadful storm—the wreck—the black, fatal rocks—the whelming sea—and the nigh approach of death. And then she bore in her heart of hearts the picture, as Darwood had painted it—of the daring, struggling champion, who had unselfishly pledged his own life for hers—of his battling with the seas—of his battling with death—of his trial, his suffering, his fortitude, and his victory—the victory which gave her back to life, and which was not complete until she had been wholly cared for. All this was working in the memory of her soul as she gazed up and met the glance of those tenderly anxious eyes; and it was more than she could bear. As her lips finally moved, the flood burst forth, and she bowed her head upon his bosom.

"Bless you! O! God bless you!"

It was a low, murmuring cry, like the wail of a sobbing child; and for some moments she lay there upon the breast of him who had saved her, seeming thus to say, before Heaven—HERE IS MY REFUGE!

John Darwood crept away upon deck, and Margaret Rowland followed him. Somehow they felt that they were not in their proper places in the cabin. The movement was not the result of forethought, but a simple impulse of instinct.

Elroy Clifton was the first to discover that they had gone, and when he had led the maiden to a seat, he turned away to wipe his eyes, and to gain some control over his emotions. For once—for a single moment—there was a wild, frenzied thought struggling in his mind; but with a stern, self-sacrificing purpose he put it from him, and closed his eyes to its blinding dazzle.

"Lady," he said, speaking now as calmly as soft zephyrs move, "it is under strange circumstances that we meet. When I saw you at Farworth, and there left you, I little thought that our next meeting would be as it was. You have heard the story. Darwood has told you. True, I saved you; and I struggled hard to do it; and when I knew that you were well—when I knew that I had succeeded—I had my full reward. The deed itself was a blessed one to me. And now we meet again—you, the Lady of Farworth—I, the poor smuggler. And yet, from my humble place I shall claim the privilege of looking up and feeling that we are friends. So far as that confidence can go which rests deep down in the soul, fastening not upon the distinctions of society, but deriving life from the impulses of the heart in its native emotions, I shall feel that we are equals;—but, equals only thus far. I will not presume upon it—I will not step beyond it. And so, lady, may I take your hand once more?"

She gave it to him; but she did not speak.

"There," he said, holding the small, fair hand as tenderly as though it had been an infant's, "I think we understand each other now. Pardon me if I seem bold in thus hastening to such a conclusion; but the remarkable circumstances under which we meet seem to warrant it. I should but speak what I believe to be false did I say that you owe me no gratitude. But, I speak truly when I say that I lay that warm, rich gratitude away in my heart as the full reward for what I have done. And now, let me be still your friend, feeling anxious for your welfare until you are once more within the care of your kind guardian; and, beyond that, I turn no thought. Do you understand me?"

Lorinda understood him very well; and, for this gentle, generous deed she bore him new gratitude. She told him this—told it with her hand in his, and with her gaze fixed upon him—told it in fluttering tones, which gradually grew stronger and calmer. She told him that she appreciated his noble conduct of the present hour as deeply as she did that of the dark hour when he snatched her from the death-grasp of the fearful storm. And when she had told him this, she asked him to sit down and talk with her.

And he did so. And they talked. They talked of many things, but mostly of the storm; for he had to tell that story of adventure all over again. And they talked as though he were the humble, outlawed smuggler, and she, the gentle lady, which difference in station was to be a safe barrier and guard against the intrusion of that erotic god who shoots dangerous arrows from his tiny, subtle bow.

How wise they were—how very prudent and thoughtful!

CHAPTER IX.

A LAND PASSAGE.

Just as the sun was sinking below the horizon the smuggler brig dropped her anchor in one of the snug, deep coves of Morecambe Bay. Cheswold was some five-and-twenty miles distant, and Lorinda was not long in deciding to remain on board the brig another night. It would be late before she could reach the manor, and it was rather a wild country over which she would have to ride. Barthol thought she had better wait; Darwood thought she had better wait; and so thought Elroy Clifton; and so, finally, thought the maiden herself. That evening she spent in the company of our hero; but Margaret was present, and so, during most of the time, were Darwood and the captain. The conversation was free and natural, flowing in genial strains, and marked by intelligence, and sound sense, and good humor. Duncan Barthol was a man of more than ordinary weight of mind, and his stories and philosophizings were highly entertaining; but it was the speech of the other two that fixed Lorinda's attention most deeply. She had before had occasion to remark that Darwood and Clifton betrayed not only a high order of intellect, but that they also evinced a degree of refinement and education rarely met with even among the higher classes. On the present occasion this peculiarity appeared still more palpably. The youth touched upon topics of art and science, of history and biography, and discussed them with interest and understanding.

When Lorinda was alone, she shook her head to herself, and wondered how the youth had gained such an education. There was, to her, something very strange about it; and, when she slept, she dreamed of Persian princes, fleeing from oppression under cover of humble disguise; she dreamed of Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp; and she dreamed of the renowned Caliph of Bagdad. She thought John Darwood was the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, and that Duncan Barthol was his grand vizier. Elroy Clifton was the youthful Abon Hassan, and she was the beautiful Nouzhatoul-aouadat. Margaret Rowland was the gentle Sultaness Zobeide, who smiled upon the loves of the youthful pair. It was a very curious dream, and a very entertaining one; but the maiden was finally aroused from the blissful spell by the voice of her attendant; and the gorgeous apartments of the royal palace of Bagdad quickly faded away and dissolved into the narrow cabin of the smuggler brig.

Lorinda arose, and dressed herself, and eat her breakfast, and then Captain Barthol came down to see her. He told her that he had engaged horses, and that they would be ready by the time the boat reached the shore.

"Of course Margaret will accompany you," he said, "as she is anxious to reach her own home. And, furthermore, I have thought it best to send a guide with you. The way is not only somewhat intricate and dubious, but it might not be well for two females to travel it alone. Elroy Clifton needs a little recreation, and he shall accompany you. I would let Darwood go also; but I cannot well spare him just now, as we are rather short-handed. However, though Clifton is hardly able to stand the tug of breaking out our cargo, yet his arm is strong enough to protect you. Still, I think his mere presence will be sufficient to guard you against insult or injury from those whom you may meet on the road. How will the arrangement suit you, lady?"

She said it would suit her very well; and she thanked him for his thoughtful kindness.

As she stood in the gangway, ready to go over into the boat, Barthol took her hand to bid her good-bye.

"Let me hope, fair lady," he said, "that your remembrance of the smuggler will not be an unpleasant one."

"In truth, good sir," the maiden answered, with simple earnestness, "it will be a most happy and grateful remembrance; and I trust I may live to show you, in some more substantial manner, how deeply I thank you."

"Enough, lady. Think kindly of us when you think of us at all. And now—fare-thee-well. Darwood will see you to the shore, and beyond that all will, I hope, be safe and pleasant."

He turned away as he spoke, and Lorinda went over the side, into the boat. The shore was not far off, and when she reached it she found the horses in waiting under charge of Elroy Clifton and a groom. The youth met her as Darwood led her up, and when he had bid her good morning, and she had answered him with cheerful return, he said—

"Permit me to be frank, lady, for I would not, on any account, be a trespasser. My own desire was not considered in this matter. It was the captain's own plan, given to me rather as an order than otherwise. Still, I am free to confess that, if such be your desire, it will afford me the greatest pleasure to accompany you. I trust you will speak freely."

"As freely and truly as possible, sir," returned the maiden, with a smile. "I should not like to ride over such a country as the captain has pictured this to be, without some male companion; and as, in the capacity of friend and protector, you have been well tried, I am pleased to accept your companionship and guidance on the present occasion. Captain Barthol explained it all to me."

John Darwood, when he came to bid the lady good bye, expressed the hope that he should see her again.

"If ever you pass my place of abode, you surely will," Lorinda replied; "for it is my earnest desire that you call upon me when you have opportunity. I shall ever hold you in grateful remembrance, and shall meet you with pleasure."

Darwood thanked her, and having bidden her farewell and God speed, he turned to his boat. The party upon the shore watched the skimming cutter until it had rounded a point of land from their sight, and then they sought their seats in the saddles. The horses were good ones, and gave promise of performing the journey kindly and safely.

For an hour they rode on through a broken tract of country, the conversation turning upon the different objects which met their view; but gradually the two younger people merged into themes of special interest, and Margaret lagged behind. At length it came about that Lorinda could legitimately ask her companion concerning his earlier years, and she did so.

"I would not press the question," she said; "but still I feel an interest to know. You have become so like a brother to me, that I feel like becoming better acquainted with your life; for," she added, with a little hesitation, "I do not think there can be anything you would wish to conceal from a friend."

"You are right there, lady," the youth returned, frankly. "All that I could wish to conceal, under any circumstances, you already know. As for the rest, you will find little of interest in its recital; but still I will tell it to you. My parents were very poor, and lived in a small hut by the sea-shore. My father was a fisherman, but I have no recollection of him, as he died when I was very young. For several years after I got old enough to work I helped my mother about the cot, and sometimes went with the fishermen out upon the sea; and sometimes I helped them perform other kinds of work. When I was fourteen years old my mother's brother came to visit us, and he finally proposed to take me with him, and bring me up to his own business. His name was Duncan Barthol, and he was a smuggler; but I did not hesitate to accompany him, for the men with whom I was forced to associate about my home were low and degraded, and I was glad to be rid of them. So I went with my uncle, and have been with him ever since. As I grew older, and began to realize my situation, I wished that I were free from the outlawed business; but I could not easily shake off the shackles. My uncle has been kind to me, but he would not listen to my leaving him. Of late years—since I have reached the age of manhood—I have often thought of fleeing from these felon associations; but I have not yet succeeded. Once I resolved to go; and I went; and I came very near being apprehended by an officer who chanced to recognize me; so I was glad to flee back to my old companions. Still, I should ere this have been far away from these scenes had it not been for one or two strong ties of friendship that bind me to the brig. What I may do in the future I cannot tell. If John Darwood will go with me, I shall probably seek refuge in some distant clime, where the laws of England could not reach me. However, to the future the events of the future must be left."

"And must you leave England for safety?" inquired Lorinda, anxiously. "Cannot something be done to free you from the danger?"

"I don't know," replied Elroy, with a sad shake of the head. "The influence of some man in favor at court might do it."

"O, it can be; and it shall be," cried the fair girl, zealously. "My guardian can do it. I will ask him. Would you not like to have me ask him?"

"As you will about that, lady."

She declared that it should be done if Sir Edward could do it; and that he could do it she had strong hopes. But there was one thing more she wished to ask.

"Don't deem me impertinent," she said, "if I seek to understand something upon which you have not yet enlightened me. I speak no flattery when I say, that among all my acquaintance—and the circle embraces men of intellect and refinement—I have found none better educated than yourself."

"And you wonder how I gained so much information," said Elroy, with a light smile.

"Yes—I have wondered much, not only in view of your general information, but also at the peculiar grace and purity of your ordinary language."

"Ah, my dear lady," returned the youth, with a significant motion of the head, "there you bring me to one of the ties which has helped to bind me to the smuggler. I have already spoken of John Darwood. When I went on board my uncle's vessel, a mere boy, Darwood was there; and he at once conceived a strong attachment for me, which I was not long in returning. That attachment has lasted up to the present moment, and has grown stronger and stronger with the lapse of time. And here let me inform you that there is a deep mystery about that man which I cannot solve. Who he is, or where he came from, I cannot tell. I have often sought to know, but he has as often refused to answer; and more than once has he intimated that I only distressed him by asking such questions. I found him a smuggler, and as such only could I know him. Yet I know more than that, despite his reserve. I know that he has been, at some time, a wealthy and influential man; and, if he has never borne a title of nobility, he has at least filled some high and responsible office. A misfortune of some kind brought him down from his elevated position, and he sought concealment from a greater shame on board the smuggler. Such, from my observation, is my belief; and yet I do not believe that he has been guilty of any crime. It cannot be. He is too good, and true, and generous for that. I will believe that some great misfortune came upon him—that some calamity befell him,—but not that he committed a crime."

"Surely he could not have done it," said Lorinda, warmly. "He is a good man."

"Aye," added Elroy, with a moistening eye, "he is one of the best of men—God bless him!"

"And good angels guard him!" ejaculated the maiden.

A moment of silence, and then the youth resumed:

"To John Darwood am I indebted for the education I have gained. His own education, he has confessed to me, was principally obtained at Oxford, where he spent several years in college; and of that education he has imparted to me all he could. We have had books of his own selection, which my uncle has cheerfully purchased; and thus have I gained about the same degree of information that could have been gained at Oxford or Cambridge. And perhaps I have gained more; for my attention to my studies has been undivided, and I have pursued them with a devotion which knew no abatement."

"I should like to know who John Darwood is," said Lorinda. "He must be a very strange man."

"So should I like to know," returned Elroy, "but I have little hopes in that direction. And," he added, as though he would turn the conversation, "there is one other person whose history I would like to know. I never saw him but once, and he then inspired me with a great curiosity. I allude to an old man named Silverthorne. Perhaps you know him."

"I know his story," said Lorinda, "and I have seen him once. It was in the evening, however, and at such a distance that I had no opportunity to observe his features."

"I have heard," resumed the youth, "that he was once a smuggler, and——"

"No," interrupted the maiden,—"not exactly a smuggler. He was apprehended for receiving and disposing of contraband goods."

"In the eyes of the law it is all the same," said Elroy, smiling. "However, he was tried for that offence and sentenced to transportation."

"Yes," returned Lorinda; "and he has now come back, having served out his term; and my guardian, who used to love him for his bold faithfulness, has given him the little cot and shop by the river—the same which he hired before he was sent away."

"So I have heard; and the fact shows another proof of Sir Edward's goodness of heart. But it does appear to me that I have seen and known this old man before. I met him upon the beach, close by the mouth of the little stream upon which the shop stands, and had some talk with him. It was a bright, moonlight night, and I fancied I could detect familiar looks in his face, and familiar tones in his voice. Still I can imagine no more, save that I have met him somewhere. It may have been upon the water; it may have been in France; and it is possible, that the whole is but a freak of my fancy."

"I should judge that the latter must be the case," said Lorinda; "for, if I have been rightly informed, he has not been long returned from his banishment."

At this point the turrets and walls of Cheswold appeared to view through the trees, and Margaret Rowland rode up and joined her companions; and but little more was said until they reached the park. Here Elroy would have stopped and turned back, but Lorinda would not listen to it; and after some persuasion on her part, he rode on to the manor house.

Sir Edward was walking up and down the piazza, with his hands behind him and his head bowed, when the tramp of horses' feet aroused him. He looked up; and when he saw his fair ward, alive and well, he started forward, and sprang to her side, as though he feared that it might be but a phantom, which would melt away if he did not secure it. It proved a reality, however; and ere long Lorinda Verbrook was clasped in her guardian's fond embrace, her head pillowed upon his bosom, and his voice going forth in grateful strains of praise and thanksgiving. In a little while he recovered himself; and when he had once more gazed into the maiden's face, and assured himself that she was safe and well, he turned to those who had accompanied her. She read the thoughts that were running in his mind, and raising her hand towards her friends, she said:

"Call them in, guardian. Don't let them go; for we owe them much. O, they have been very kind to me—very kind—Heaven bless them!" Her lips trembled; her bright eyes were brimming with tears; and she could say no more.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

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A LAWYER'S STORY.

TOLD BY HIMSELF.

About thirty years ago I was a young lawyer with nothing but my profession and two very strong aspirations. The first was to succeed and make a great name at the bar; the other to be able to marry the lady of my love.

One morning I went down to my office, which my boy had just opened, and found awaiting me there a letter which gave me the greatest pleasure. It announced, in the first place, the death of my grand-uncle, who, with my grandfather, had cruelly turned my mother out of doors when she was a girl; and in the second place it informed me that my grand-uncle, touched by remorse, had left me a legacy of five thousand dollars. The writer of the letter, Martin Drew, who was my uncle, requested me to come to Tyndale at once and get my money, and expressed much affection for me, and said his family were all anxious to see me, and many other things which excited my suspicions.

That afternoon I called at the widow Curtiss's to inform her daughter Laura of my good fortune, and to ask the dear girl to "name the day." Laura was quite ready to comply with my wishes; but her mother said we'd better wait until I got back with my money—predicting that "something would be sure to happen," and asserting that the Drews were "mighty slippery fellows," and that no Van Buren, (my name,) that she had ever heard of, ever had any luck. Not finding myself comfortable in the widow's parlor I soon withdrew, and went slowly back to my office.

The next morning I mounted my horse, and with light heart pursued the road that led to Tyndale. I was two days upon the way, and slept the second night at a little country tavern, a few miles distant from the residence of my *pseudo* uncle. I had intended to reach his house that evening, but the heaviness of the roads prevented. The next morning I was early astir, and rode up to Martin Drew's door, just as he, with his family, was seating himself at the breakfast table.

I was welcomed with a great show of cordiality by the various members of the family, all of whom, save the eldest son, George, were present. I might have believed myself among warm friends had not the memory of my mother's sufferings in that house saved me from an entire reliance upon the professions of these demonstrative relatives. Little by little, my reserve melted before their kindly words and manners. The girls were pretty and fascinating, the young man, Martin, frank and agreeable. I never could resist genial manners, and before the morning hours had waned I found myself on decidedly pleasant terms with the young people, and confessing to myself that I could see nothing objectionable in their elders.

I had intended to transact my business with all speed, and if possible to avoid breaking bread beneath this roof; and by all means to leave it before night-fall. But, on one pretext after another, and willingly, I must confess, I was detained until long past mid-day. At last, however, the business had been transacted, the money in my hands, and my receipt in those of Martin Drew, and I began to insist on going, at least as far that evening, as the tavern where I had passed the preceding night.

How they gathered round me then, with smiling, entreating faces, and clinging hands. No, they said, one and all, I must not go until George came home. He was expected every hour, I must remain until morning and see George; he would be sadly disappointed else. And besides, it was hardly safe to stop at that roadside tavern with such a sum of money, the people there were prying and curious, and had without doubt learned before this, that I had come to receive my legacy.

Of course I stayed, and a pleasant evening I had with those merry young people, and cordial old ones.

The chamber assigned me was what, in country parlance, is usually called the "spare bedroom," a large, pleasant room upon the ground floor, opening from the best parlor, and, with that apartment, separated from the rest of the house, by a wide entrance hall. Martin Drew and his two sons, (for George had returned) in their excess of hospitality, had entered with me to assure themselves that all was comfortable for me, and above all, as they said, safe for my money.

There were ill-conditioned people in the neighborhood, they said, and my business was well-known, so that though it was hardly possible that any one should attempt to enter the house to steal my money, it was well to be careful. "There were hooks to hang my coat and waistcoat upon, but I had better not leave the money in their pockets, perhaps it would be safer under my pillow, or had I not better lock it in a drawer of the bureau?"

This over anxiety seemed somewhat annoying, but if there were suspicious people in the neighborhood, it was but natural. Still it occurred to me that it would be as well to say nothing of the place where I intended to bestow my money. When I was at last left alone, I began to hasten my preparations for repose. The two windows of the room were closed and secured by heavy shutters, but there was no lock upon the door. I placed a chair against it. I then finished disrobing myself, and having decided to put my pocket-book between the mattresses of my bed and beneath my head, I had just placed it there when a slight noise in the room caused me to turn.

George Drew had entered so noiselessly that he had nearly reached my side unheard.

"I beg your pardon," he said, laughing at my frightened face. "I only came back to inquire if you would like to be wakened in the morning. You did not hear my knock."

He was gone as soon as answered, and again placing a chair against the door, and laying something upon it which I thought would fall with a noise if the chair were disturbed, I extinguished my light and went to bed.

It seemed as if I had but closed my eyes, though I now know that I must have slept two or three hours, when I was suddenly wakened by a sound as of a door softly and cautiously shut, yet slightly creaking on reluctant hinges. I sprung up. In the intense stillness, I thought I distinguished a faint tread in the adjoining room. I thrust my hand beneath my pillow, but though it touched my watch, which I had placed there, my pocket-book was gone. At the same instant I distinguished another sound—the opening of the outer door.

I sprang from my bed and shouted for help. In the darkness I could not at first find the door. But in less than a minute I stood in the parlor, faintly lighted by the embers of the expiring fire. At that instant the hall door closed, and steps were heard upon the gravel outside. I shouted again, and in a moment Martin Drew and his younger son hurried in, and before my story was finished were joined by George. The hall door was ajar, as the robber had left it, but before we had time to put on the necessary clothing, he had two or three minutes the start of us. We all plunged out into the pouring rain, and the darkness that was almost palpable, but a search of fifteen minutes was without reward; as we could trace the robber's steps only to the gate which led to the high road. We then all returned to the house, except George, who mounted his horse and rode off to the village to give the alarm.

I remained two days longer at Tyndale, aided by my relatives, in my attempts to regain my money, with extreme kindness and interest. Unfortunately for them, the very extremity of this kindness aroused, or more properly strengthened suspicions that had commenced at the moment I discovered the absence of my money. And thus all their endeavors to assist me but provided me with fresh evidences against themselves, and I left them on the morning of the third day, as fully convinced that the five thousand dollars had returned to Martin Drew's hands, as if I had seen them there.

It was with great difficulty that I found an opportunity, on the morning after the robbery, to write, and enclose, and afterwards to post, advertisements to the county papers, and notices to the banks stopping payment of the bills I had received and secretly marked. On my way homeward I went to the county town and left such information with the magistrates there as put them upon the alert, and then, satisfied that I had done all in my power for the recovery of the money, I pursued my course, and, on the second evening, entered the village, rode past the Widow Curtiss's house, and stopped at my office door.

I tarried only to partake of my frugal supper, before I bent my steps to the home of my divinity, otherwise my Laura. She, dear girl, gave me as warm a welcome as if I had returned with my pockets as full as they were empty. But the widow! I will not repeat her stunning abuse. I survived it all—the smoke and roar of battle died away, and in the list of wounded was but one young man "damaged in feelings," while Laura's smile consoled me in the endurance of my wounds.

Two months later I received a very different welcome from the widow, when I came to announce the recovery of my money, and the indictment of Martin Drew and his sons as the robbers. All was smiles and praise then from the widow, and Laura cried joyful tears upon my bosom, and named the happy day.

Young Martin had attempted to pass, when partially intoxicated, one of the marked notes, and several others had been found in his possession. Search of the homestead, and the persons of his father and brother, had brought to light the remainder, and my legacy was once more in my hands. Martin, the elder, and his son George, were sent, for a long term, to the State Prison. The younger Martin went for a shorter period, and as soon as he was released, removed the family to the West. There, probably, the father and brother joined them, when at liberty, for from that period they never re-appeared in their old haunts.

As for me, I am a tolerably rich and very happy man, a little past middle life. Laura has been my wife for many a year, and sons and daughters are growing up in health, and beauty, and goodness around us. My legacy founded my prosperity, and my wife my happiness.

◆

GENIUS AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS.—Corneille did not speak correctly the language of which he was such a master. Descartes was silent in mixed society. Themistocles, when asked to play on a lute, said, "I cannot fiddle, but I can make a little village and a great city." Addison was unable to converse in company. Virgil was heavy colloquially. La Fontaine was coarse and stupid when surrounded by men. The Countess of Pembroke said of Chaucer that his silence was more agreeable to her than his conversation. Socrates, celebrated for his written orations, was so timid that he never ventured to speak in public. Dryden said that he was unfit for company. Hence it has been remarked, "Mediocrity can *talk*—it is for genius to *observe*."

◆

GRACIOUS hearts reflect most upon themselves: they do not seek so much what to reprove in others, as what to amend in themselves; they love to look inward, and being sensible of their own failings, are tender in reflecting on the weaknesses of others; whereas those that are most inquisitive into the lives of others, are usually most careless in reforming their own.

◆

PEOPLE seek for what they call wit, on all subjects and in all places; not considering that nature loves truth so well, that it hardly ever admits of flourishing. Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but it impairs what it would improve.

REPLY
TO "I LOOK NOT TO THE SKIES FOR THEE."

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Yes! look not to the skies for me,
No matter how divine
And beautiful unto thy sight
Their starry mansions shine;
Nor even think of me at home
Beneath a brighter, happier dome.

II.

Ah, yes! but still keep singing that
At death we did *not* part;
That still thy loved one glitters in
The chambers of thy heart,
And there, with an angelic brow,
Breathes evermore her nuptial vow.

III.

My own, my glorious wedded one!
Thy spirit is too brave
To look even at a sainted star,
When crouching by my grave,
For her who in love's mystery
Was once a living part of thee.

IV.

Yes! yes! O soul-entrancing bliss!
Thy Aveline still beams
With love eternal as thine own
Beside thy spirit's streams:
Not even with the starry seven,
But in thy true fond *heart* her Heaven!

JOHN DAWSON'S RUIN;
OR,
THE MEDICAL PRESCRIPTION.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

Mary Dawson is an American woman, and the refinement of her manner and her good address point unmistakably to the better class of country life in which she moved in her youth. Her story, simple but sad, I have had from her own lips, and will give it to my readers, in the hope that at least one valuable suggestion may be drawn from it; namely, that of the extreme danger of placing the slightest temptation in the way of the reformed inebriate, or of administering spirituous stimulants, even if disguised in the prescriptions of medical practitioners.

"My father," said Mary Dawson, "was a thriving mechanic in a New England country town. We were respectable people, and associated on terms of entire equality with all our neighbors, unless it might be with two or three old families who lived in handsome mansions in the outskirts of the town, and, by reason of good lineage, aristocratic associations, and superior culture and tastes, made a little circle of their own, into which the people of the village never entered, though there were not wanting between the two classes the kindest neighborly offices on occasion.

"I had a good education, for my parents, without much book-knowledge of their own, yet knew how to value it and the power it gives, and my brother and myself were always at school. I went to the village academy as I grew older, and my brother might have gone to college if he had chosen, for my father, though he exacted a due economy in his household, was willing to spend money that we might learn and rise in station.

"But Everard was a wild boy, and cared little for books. When he was about sixteen years of age, a son of one of the 'mansion-house' families, a few years older than himself, and equally wild and wayward, came home after a long absence. This young man had run away two or three years before, and had gone to sea. And now he returned a coarse, swaggering fellow, fluent and reckless in speech, to fire the imaginations of all the wild village boys with his stories of adventure, of free ocean-life, and the strange, foreign countries he had visited.

"Everard began to expatiate at home on sailor life, and to express his desire to become a seaman. The more he was opposed, the more violent his desires grew. He neglected his school, was disobedient and surly at home; and at last we missed him from our board. He had gone, and though my father followed him to the nearest seaport, he had already shipped on board a vessel that was pointed out to my father hull-down in the distance.

"We mourned him as one dead, and dead he was to us, in one sense at least, for the coarse, vulgar youth, who came to us at times, and who swaggered, and used great oaths, and poisoned the atmosphere of our home with the mingled odors of tar, and tobacco, and whiskey, never could seem to us the same Everard whose fair face and sunny curls, whose infinite yet pleasant glee and spirit had made brightness wherever he went.

"I was now the sole comfort of my parents, and I tried to repay their care and love. I used to think that I would never leave them, that I could never love any one as I loved them; and that as Everard no longer cared for us, or for his home, save for the convenience of a short sojourn between his voyages, and the money he was sure to coax from my father, *I* would devote my whole life to their comfort.

"But though such a course seemed easy when no temptation moved me to other loves and duties, the time came when I was forced to look upon it as a sacrifice. Every woman who truly loves, prefers to abandon her early home and association to partake of his lot whose affection is her chiefest joy and hope. When I had learned that I loved and was beloved by John Dawson, though I did not waver in my determination never to desert my parents. I no longer felt any pleasure in the duty I owed them. I loved them perhaps as much as ever, but the more absorbing love which had suddenly come as a revelation, and had rapidly developed a portion of my nature hitherto dormant, showed the plan I had formed for my future in the light of a sacrifice.

"I was silent, but far from happy. I had told John that I could not marry him, and had forbidden all application to my parents, leaving him to believe that I had not sufficient affection for him to listen to his proposals. I suppose I grew pale and spiritless. Sleepless nights, and the tears and regrets of a great struggle, such as was going on between my heart and conscience, leave their traces on a young girl's bloom and gaiety My father and mother thought I was sick, and our family doctor prescribed a change of scene, for he was sensible enough to see that I did not need drugs, and they sent me away to visit some friends at a distance.

"I was gone six months—the most unhappy months of my life thus far. I was in no way improved when I returned, and the shock of hearing that John Dawson had taken to drink well nigh killed me. I was really ill then for a long time, and when I began to recover, and could ride or walk out, the not unfrequent sight of John Dawson reeling along the street, or sitting stupid, and bloated, and shabby on the tavern stoop, would drive me well nigh mad.

"Of course there was no more talk of our marriage. Only once did I speak to him, and then, meeting him in a quiet lane outside the village, and coming on him suddenly, as he sat by the roadside, upon a rock, with his face buried in his hands, as they rested on his knees, I burst into a passion of tears, and without stopping to choose my words, implored him to leave his dreadful habit, and return once more to sobriety. The storm of fierce reproaches, the tone and manner with which he pointed to his bloated figure and his shabby garments, and bade me look upon my own work, and remember that his ruin lay at my door, effectually silenced me. I never dared to speak to him again, and tried to believe that I had ceased to love him.

"Several years passed away. I lived quietly at home, occupied with the care of my parents, who were old and stricken with sorrow, for Everard had disappeared after his last visit to our home, and we had not, for a long time, heard any tidings of him, so that we looked upon him as dead. Meanwhile John Dawson had gone down, down, as drunkards do, from bad to worse till all looked upon him as an irreclaimable sot. His store had long passed into other hands, his property was all wasted, and his widowed mother had died it was said, heart broken! Scarcely a vestige of the handsome, gay young man I had loved, remained. Often and often I longed to speak to him again, to try what force my persuasions might have in inducing him to reform, but I dared not.

"But by and by, I was alone. My parents died at nearly the same time. My father left a will that made me mistress of the house where I had always lived, and of all the property he had possessed except a small legacy payable to Everard, if ever he should return. Left thus solitary, all the pressure of my daily cares and duties suddenly lifted from me, I began to occupy my thoughts once more with John Dawson. I became conscious that I had never ceased to love him, and the affection I had smothered so long, now, once more accessible to thought, began to assert itself with renewed strength At length I resolved to make one more effort at his reform. Beyond this I proposed to myself nothing, at first, but the longing to see him became at length uncontrolable.

"I went out to seek him. I met him on the pavement near my own door, and for the first time in many a year, a respectable young woman addressed John Dawson in the streets of his native town. I spoke to him respectfully and kindly. I told him I was all alone now, and that I was very glad to see old friends, and I begged him to come and see me soon for old acquaintance sake. More than that I could not say in that public place; but though John Dawson scarcely answered me, and stared at me stupidly all the while I was speaking, I felt sure he would come.

"And he did. Two or three evenings later, I heard a rap at my door, tremulous and irregular enough to come from the hand of an old man or a young child. I went and opened the door and ushered in John Dawson, 'clothed and in his right mind.'

"That was a fateful interview. Before John Dawson left me, I had given him my promise, that in spite of all the past, I would be his wife, if after one year of strict abstinence from his besetting sin he still desired to call me by that name.

"Very nobly did the poor fellow pass his ordeal. Amidst untold sufferings, in delirium and agony, in the dreadful faintness and weakness that make life itself a burden, he persevered, until the appetite was conquered and freedom was gained.

"We were married, and four years of happiness followed. My husband was devoted to me and to his children. His business was prosperous, and he paid more attention to it than in his youth. The capital was mine, and he seemed to feel himself only an agent or factor for me and my children. His past errors, so deeply deplored, had made him humble, and I used to think his the most perfect character, with its union of strength and humility, that I had ever known.

"Four years after our marriage Everard suddenly appeared upon the scene. He was in no way improved—the same coarse, brutal man, years had only added to the list of his vices, and the strength of his passions. From that hour on which he entered our home its peace and comfort, its respectability, so dear to us of the middle classes, was gone. His legacy was paid him, but still he clamored for more; for the sum that had seemed so large to my father, with his thoughtful habits of economy, was but a drop in the ocean of Everard's vicious indulgence.

"A few months after his return he announced his intention of remaining permanently at home; and soon after I heard from John, over whom my brother had obtained a most unaccountable influence, that there were some promising business projects between them. In vain I remonstrated. The whole fruit of my opposition, so far as I could observe it, consisted in determined exclusion from their secret plans. John grew silent and morose, while Everard seemed to gloat over the trouble he was bringing on our household. Shut out by his own evil courses from all pure pleasures, he seemed to have a fiendish delight in making our home as evil and unhappy as his own heart.

"I would not linger over this sorrowful time. John took to drink again. One single indulgence opened the floodgates of appetite. He sank down, down, while Everard, floating in superior strength, gradually absorbed all control of the business—that which was open and legitimate as well as those mysterious profits, of whose nature I dared not even guess.

"Oh! the horror, and the misery of that time! I must not dwell upon it, I dare not, even in thought.

"At last, at last the crisis so long dreaded came. Everard and John were in prison, all that remained to them of property in the hands of the officers of the law. The house was mine, that could not be taken from us. But everything else had been swallowed up by Everard's friends, for debts contracted as my husband's agent, and the two men were arrested on a charge of counterfeiting money.

"It was proved, though it was evident on the trial that John had been only a tool in the hands of his unscrupulous tempter, that the very least penalty was adjudged him. We lived on, my children and myself, I scarcely know how, during the dreadful two years. Then John came back to us. He was no longer a drunkard, for his forced abstinence had cured him; but old in looks, broken in spirit, bowed beneath unutterable shame and remorse, he was altogether unlike the man I had loved.

"He could not endure to remain where he was known. He rested not until I had disposed of our home. It was absolutely mine and I could sell it. I did sell it most reluctantly, and the last tie that bound me to comfort and the respect of the good seemed to be torn from me when I left it.

"We came here and lost ourselves, as John wished, in the great city. He was willing to work and asked nothing of me but this one sacrifice. He did not return to his former habits, and we lived in comparative comfort, on the proceeds of the little business he had commenced with the price of our home.

"More years passed away. Our eldest child had died while he was in prison, and the great grief of her loss had been swallowed up in that greater grief of his shame. In the city more children were born to us. Our home was very humble—we had no associations, no society, and went nowhere save to church. It was a quiet life, with a dark veil of sorrow—the memory of the Past—casting its gloom forever upon it. But it was so monotonous in its slow passage, that at last I cheated myself with the belief that Fate had done his worst, and that there were to be no more sorrowful changes in our lives.

"But John took a cold and fell ill. His constitution had been weakened by former excesses, and he did not recuperate rapidly. He lingered, pale and languid, all the winter, and the warm spring days, from which we had hoped so much, only made him weaker and more incapable of exertion.

"'He needs stimulants, Mrs. Dawson,' our doctor said one morning, as he was leaving after his visit. 'There is really nothing the matter now, he is only weak and languid. He should have ale, or some nice bitters in spirits would be better still. Here, send this round to the drug-store, and see what the effect of it will be; try it for a few days.'

"I took the prescription, for some tonic preparation in brandy, and made no reply. But I followed the doctor out, and told him all my fears. 'I dare not give it to him,' I said. 'As sure as he tastes spirits, even once, and in the smallest quantity, I will not answer for one sober day. He cannot withstand the awakened appetite.'

"'Nonsense, woman,' the doctor replied, with a smile of superior knowledge. 'He has drunk nothing for years—the appetite is dead. At any rate, you may as well try it, or he'll go down and down, when the warm weather comes, and drop off with the autumn leaves. It's the only chance for him that I can see.'

"I went back, pondering. His life—should I, dare I, put that in competition with my fears. I meant to think and pray over the matter before I decided, but unfortunately John had heard our conversation, and I found in him a state of nervous excitement, half angry, half sorrowful, that made my task of soothing him most difficult. We had a long talk over the matter. He had got hold of the thought of dying, and he would only say that I wished him to die, and ask me if I would be my husband's murderess, in answer to all my arguments and entreaties. I knew not what to do. Sometimes I was tempted, God help me, to rush out, procure the fatal draught, and place it to his lips. If it would save his life, had I the right to withhold it? I asked myself—but finally I resolved to defer my decision until the morrow.

"Ere that my husband had secretly obtained the prescription, and had sent our oldest boy to have it made up. Overcome by a sleepless night of struggle and conflicting thought, I slept late on the following morning. When I awoke my husband stood near me. The bottle in his hand was half emptied, and already the glare of intoxication was in his eye.

"The strength and self-control gained by years of abstinence were swept away in a moment. Pride and hope were gone, and there only remained the suffering and the fearful end.

"From that hour all was lost. John Dawson drank daily, hourly, to sottish, brutish intoxication. It was a swift career. Eighteen months more saw me a widow indeed. John Dawson slept in a drunken pauper's grave, and I looked out hopelessly on the life of toil that lay before me and mine.

"You know how I have struggled. For my children's sake I have striven for bread and a shelter, and God has not forsaken me nor them. Everard died in prison last year, and I am alone, save these young creatures that are growing up around me. I have tried to train them in deadly hatred of all intoxicating beverages. Not one of them would touch the poison that lures but to destroy. And they, I hope, will be saved to me, and spared from their father's dreadful fate."

And heartily and earnestly I said Amen! to the mother's hope, and heartily and earnestly I wished that my voice or pen might reach those who, under the guise of healing remedies, thus recklessly betray their weak and easily tempted brethren to the ruin that lies in the wine cup for the man who has once yielded to the dreadful appetite.

EXPERIENCES IN TRAPPING.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

Simon Smooth was a mountain man of East Tennessee, and first saw the light among the Cumberland Hills, where he lived and hunted contentedly, until an old friend, named Josh Green, inveigled him into a trapping expedition, up at the head waters of the Mississippi, which Simon used to describe as follows:

"I'll tell you what it is, boys," was his invariable way of commencing the account of his travels, "folks up here in the hills used to think they roughed it considerable. But it was a life of ease and plenty compared with what I experienced when Josh Green tempted me to turn trapper, way off among the Injuns and savage varmints of the West.

"You see, I was to meet him at Milwaukee, but when I got there about two weeks later than I'd agreed to, Josh, who thought I'd gin him the go by, put out for the station, at Prairie du Chien, to git ready for the fall hunt. I'd a great mind to turn back towards home agin, but some hunters, who knew Josh, said they were just goin' to start for the Wisconsin river, and would pilot me to the place where Josh was.

"Well, you see, I was dissapinted on the first start, and bad luck follered me all the time. No sooner had the hunters given me the direction I was to go, to reach Prairie du Chien, and had left me to go up the Wisconse, than a terrible snow storm set in, and made it impossible for me to travel. The snow fell all night, and all the next day; and as I couldn't travel, I built me a good fire, and made me a pine-top shanty, as I seen the hunters do; and concluded to wait till the snow had settled or crusted over, before I started out agin toward the Mississippi.

"Well, the snow kept falling for three days; and there was little prospect of my ever gitting away So I concluded to make the best on't; and as I had plenty of meat, I did nothing but cook, and eat, and keep up my fire, though 'twant very cold. At last one night I let my fire git low; but as there was a great bed of embers, I thought I wouldn't wade out into the snow for more wood till morning; and as I couldn't sleep, I got up, and to pull off the time, I threw a slice of venison on the coals to cook.

"As the scent on't filled the woods, I heerd a screeching, whining sort of a sound, at a little distance; and bimeby I see a varmint of some kind creeping cautiously towards me. Pretty soon I had a good sight on't. What it was I didn't know—'twas a stranger to me. The creetur had a dark brownish, shaggy coat, with short legs, broad paws, and bushy tail. His ears were small and cocked up, and his big yellow eyes looked as if the creetur wanted to make my acquaintance At first I thought I would take my rifle and shoot him, but then he came up so friendly like, that I hadn't the heart to. Then I took a bit of meat, and threw it out to him. The varmint snatched it up, and swallowed it at a gulp.

"'Ah!' thinks I, 'my little feller, it's hungry you are,' and at that, I threw him another piece of the venison. Bimeby another of the creeturs appeared, and then more on 'em, and then they began to cut up the funnyest capers about my camp you ever heered of. They danced and howled like so many drunken chaps on a 'lection day. Then they rolled over in the deep snow one upon the other, and played like a lot of pet kittens.

"Arter a little while the creeturs come close about me, and then I could see that they showed mighty saucy teeth, and one little imp jumped to my shanty, and snatching a ham of venison, dragged it off into the crowd. Well, I reckon if the old boy ever was to pay, 'twas then! If there was one, there was a hundred of the varmints that gathered upon that piece of meat.

"'Oh, you thievin' scamps!' thinks I, 'if that's yer game, here's at you!' So I snatched down my rifle, and cracked away into the pile on 'em. Marcyful Heaven! that was the onluckiest shot I ever fired in my life! I must have killed and wounded a lot on 'em. But makin' the woods ring with mad cries, the varmints made for me. I seen 'em comin' in a body, and drawing my knife, I let 'em have it right and left.

"But 'twan't no use. In less than no time they had every rag of my clothing stripped into ribbons, and then they ripped away at my naked flesh at an awful rate, all the time wagging their bushy little tails, as if it was all a matter of fun to 'em. Fact is, boys, I believe the tarnal vermints was laughing to theirselves all the time they was pitchin' into me so.

"Well, I couldn't stand this kind of work, so, snatching up my old rifle, I took to a tree, and then loaded and shot, and loaded and shot, till I reckoned I must a killed a score or two of the consarned deceitful little varmints, while their brethren took their revenge in eating up my provisions, and tearin' down my shanty. They made nice work of it, you may depend; and when daylight at last came, my camp looked as if forty savage Injuns had been doin' their worst on it. 'Twas mighty cold work, up there in that tree, with scarcely a rag of clothes on, and for that matter, not much skin either, and I was right glad, I reckon, to see 'em scatter off as the day began to break.

"As soon as the coast was clear I got to the ground, and gathered up the fragments of my blankets, and thought 'twas time for me to be off, deep as the snow was. I kept the direction the hunters had given me, and the next day reached Prairie du Chien.

"Josh, and the rest on 'em there, was surprised to see the perdickament I was in; and when I told 'em the story, I thought they'd a split theirselves a laughin'.

"'Why Simon,' said Josh, 'them 'ere varmints was *Wolverenes!*'

"'Wolverenes!' said I, 'them ere's a sort of varmint I never heered tell on before. What sort of critters be they?'

"'I should think you knowed by this time,' said he laughing; 'Wolverenes is a sort of a tiger-cat.'

"'Well, I thought so,' said I, 'and that accounts for their playing so much like kittens, I reckon!'

"'Jest so,' said Josh.

"The fact is, boys, since that onlucky night out in Wisconse, I can't bear the sight of anything of the cat kind—it makes my very skin burn agin.

"Well, that was only the beginnin' of my troubles out in that western country. I jined Josh and a company of trappers, and put out north. We hadn't been a week at work trappin', when the infernal red skins, them Sioux, surprised us, and wiped out three of our best men —and then's when I got this ere ugly hole through my cheeks, and a bullet in my hip; and I'd no mor'n got over this, than another misfortin come near usin' on me up. It happened so:

"One day I'd gone out alone, to look arter our traps, and as I was walking along the shore of a little lake, where our traps was, I heerd a terrible tussle in the bushes; and creeping cautiously along, I saw a couple of huge buffalo bulls fighting together like all creation. I never seen two such savage looking brutes. Their little red eyes looked like balls of fire; and roarin' like thunder they pitched into each other like two great rocks comin' together. I looked on mightily pleased, for it was the most exciting fight I'd ever seen.

"Presently I got so much interested that I forgot where I was, and shouted and cheered on the fight, as if 'twas a 'lection row. But the critters made so much more noise than I did, they didn't hear me. Bimeby the biggest bull got the other down, and was goring him savage. I didn't like this, and shouted out for fair play. But they paid no attention to me.

"I reckon the littlest chap 'ud never got up agin if it hadn't been for me. I was excited, and didn't know right well what I was doin'. So as the big one was springin' back for another charge into the little fellow, I fetched up my rifle and let him have it between the loins and the shoulders.

"At that the ferocious critter give a loud bellow, and pawing up the ground, turned his shaggy head to one side—and glancing his fierce little eyes round the place, caught sight of me. Well, I've seen some mad varmints in my day, but never in my life did I ever see anything to equal that mad buffalo bull.

"He'd gathered himself for a lunge upon the other bull. But wheeling half round on his hind feet, he pitched right into the bushes where I was, and, before I could take a tree, was within two feet of me. As it was, he gave me a terrible wound in the thigh, just where that Injun bullet had lodged. I had caught the lower limbs of a tree, and was drawing myself up, when the huge brute helped me up with a boost, and pushed one of his sharp horns clean through both sides of my limb.

"The wound bled like a stuck deer, and I reckon I should have dropped to the ground soon from weakness. But at that moment I heerd a rifle-shot close by, and at the same instant a 'thud,' and, to my great joy, I saw the mad critter fall to the ground. 'Twas Josh Green, who, happening to follow me towards the traps, heerd the noise, and seeing the bull, fired upon him. Josh didn't see me till arter he run up and cut the bull's throat. He helped me down from the tree and carried me to our camp on his back.

"Well, I hadn't got well of this ugly wound when the Sioux were upon us agin, and a desperate fight we had on't. Josh and two more of the boys were killed. But we finally whipped off the Injuns. As soon as Spring come, I was mighty glad to return with the remnant of our little party down the river, and arter two or three more fights with the red-skins on the voyage, we finally reached Prairie du Chien.

"I reckon'd I'd seen quite enough of the western country, and as soon as I was well enough to travel I made a break agin for the Cumberland Hills, where I am content to spend the rest of my days; and if game is getting scarce, it's a consolation to me to know there's neither wolverenes, nor buffalo bulls, nor wild Injuns here to pitch into a fellow."

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There exists in human nature a disposition to murmur at the disappointments and calamities incident to it, rather than to acknowledge with gratitude the blessings by which they are more than counterbalanced.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Less than nineteen centuries ago the first Christian hymn was sung in an upper chamber of Jerusalem, and those who sang it were quickly scattered. And now the Christian hymn is one that never ceases, one that is heard in every tongue; and the whisper of that upper chamber is a chorus that fills the world.

No young man really believes he shall ever die. There is a feeling of eternity in youth which makes us amends for everything. Death, old age, are words without a meaning, a dream, a fiction. To be young is to be as one of the immortals.

There are fellows who, if you refuse to lend them what they want, insist that you *must*. The manner of these sturdy beggars amounts to dragooning you out of your money, and they will not go away without your purse, any more than if they came pistol in hand.

Man is the only animal that gets intoxicated. Hence it is very inappropriate to say of a man, who indulges in the habit, that he makes a beast of himself. It would be more proper to say of a beast that indulges in it, that he makes a man of himself.

There are deep and earnest spirits to whom Nature wears the countenance of Deity; and there are gay and joyous hearts that think of her only as a host at whose bounteous table they may freely seat themselves.

In the company of the woman you love, it is difficult to avoid two follies, rhapsody and silence. Fortunately the first is never esteemed by her as folly, and the last is considered as the stillness of brooding love.

A paper in the interest of one of our politicians boasts that he "can stand upon his intellectual capital." We suppose it means that he can stand upon his head.

Many a man thinks it is virtue that keeps him from turning rascal, when it is only a full stomach. One should be careful and not mistake potatoes for principles.

Great is the power of words. Words lead armies, overthrow dynasties, man ships, separate families, cozen cozeners, and steal hearts and purses.

The history of the world is as consistent with itself as the laws of nature, and as single as the soul of man.

Many miss their mark from loitering on the road that leads to it. The day of all days is to-day; the hour of all hours the present.

He who sets up a carriage at the suggestion of his vanity, generally sets it down at the suggestion of his creditors.

Some minds are like almond trees; they have no foliage, and their thoughts, like the white blossoms, spring from bare and leafless branches.

Some men are so rascally that it is only the fear of showing them our pockets that prevents our turning our backs upon them.

A hungry man no doubt wishes himself a horse when he hasn't for a long time had a bit in his mouth.

A couple of Indiana farmers are engaged in a vexatious law-suit about shutting up each other's cows. They are re-enacting the battle of the Cowpens.

Man has a far more beautiful empire than woman, for the empires of the sexes are each other's hearts.

Speaking eyes, like speaking tongues, should be careful not to speak too loud.

The only things some people are not liberal of are those which belong to them.

They who walk on the heads of the multitude walk insecurely Men's heads are a dangerous footing.

A good many men need to be saved from their friends; quite as many from themselves.

They who think that smiles given to all are worth nothing, would quarrel with heaven's sunshine.

Circumstances are the masters of a weak will and the ministers of a strong one.

If a fellow tells a falsehood, he should be made to take it back. So he should if he steals anything

The editor keeps the world's day-book; the historian keeps the ledger.

Surely we may be excused for occasional freaks, when nature herself is full of them.

Those who call themselves the friends of labor are generally those who like it amazingly in others.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A party of hunters, in California, numbering seven persons, having waked up an enormous grizzley bear, attacked him, and fired seven balls into his body, under the expectation that he would immediately resign his hold on life, but the old monarch of the forest didn't seem to mind the lead at all, and charging fiercely upon the party, they all had to take to trees, whence they fired away at him, and having crippled him they came down to finish their work, which they could not do until they had lodged twenty-eight balls in the bear's body

A couple of Americans, in Arizona, having fallen in love with a beautiful Mexican girl, resolved to fight for the prize, which they did; one of them was mortally wounded, and the other hurt so it is supposed he will be crippled for life; and the next day the girl for whom they fought and bled ran off with another man, who was a particular friend of the belligerents, and through whose means they had been induced to fight.

An American and a Mexican having got into an affray in a gambling saloon in Monteray, they drew their knives, when several of the natives rushed up to help their countryman, whereupon the American attacked the whole of them, killed two, seriously wounded three others, and then found himself alone in his glory, all the rest of the Mexicans—gamblers, spectators and all—having fled from the saloon.

A farmer living in Dinwiddie county, Va., while walking among his cattle, several of which were of imported breeds, was suddenly attacked by a favorite Durham bull, and one of the animal's horns running through his coat and waistcoat, he was carried several rods and then tossed into a stream of water, luckily without sustaining any serious injury.

In Perry County, Miss., three children, in the absence of their mother got hold of a bottle of strychnine, and putting some of the fatal poison in a cup of water they all drank of it. When the mother returned she found one of her children dead, and the other two speechless. They were all buried in one grave.

A man, named Crannage, was caught in the machinery of an iron factory in Massachusetts, the other day, and his leg so mangled that it had to be amputated, an operation which the unfortunate man survived for only an hour.

A parcel of boys in Lower Canada, having cut a hole through the ice of a pond that they might go in swimming, "just to see how it would feel in the winter," two of them got chilled, were swept under the ice, and perished before they could be rescued.

A company of trappers on the upper waters of the Missouri having been disturbed in their avocation by the Blackfoot Indians, ambushed a party of the savages, put them to flight, and killed and scalped fifteen of their number.

During the recent freshet in Cattaraugus Creek, a mother and child were swept away and drowned, their cries for help being heard by the husband, who was himself clinging to a tree for life, and without strength to aid the shrieking victims.

During a severe gale of wind in Columbia county, in this State, a carriage maker, living in Cofake, was blown from a platform level with the second story of the shop, and striking upon a stake, was instantly killed.

Two men, in New Orleans, having got into a quarrel, one drew a cowhide, and the other drew a pistol: the latter was cut severely across the face, and the former was shot dead.

A lady living in Congress street, Brooklyn, hearing her little boy (nine years of age) scream, one night, recently, ran to his bedside, and striking a light, found that he had been bitten on the forehead by a rat.

An intoxicated man lately attempted to get on a train of cars, while in motion, at Arctic Village, R. I., and falling on the track, the train passed over him, and mangled his legs in a shocking manner.

A woman, living in a village in Maine, lately caught a fox, that was prowling about her hen roost, by the back, and beat his brains out against a stone fence.

An aged Frenchman, who was a *chasseur* under Napoleon the Great, was drowned at Buffalo, not long since, while in a fit of delirium tremens.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE PUSH FAMILY.

There are men who take a pushing position at their entrance into the world of business, and keep, as it were, the right shoulder forward and the left leg extended, in one continuous, unrelaxing effort against all impediments to their progress, until they are finally brought up and prostrated by that grim athlete to whom the most indomitable must at last succumb. Now this sort of shouldering indicates energy, and energy is in itself a good thing; but like wit it is only "a good thing *well applied*." Men sometimes make their way to wealth, to place, to power, by pushing down and overstriding every moral barrier which lies between them and their objects. This is a money-and-man-worshipping generation, and if the end is obtained it sanctions the means in the eyes of the majority. But, after all, your go-ahead knave, your millionaire whose dollars smell of usury, and fraud, and treachery, has no real friends, and, what is still worse, he knows it. He feels that but for the gold plating which overlays the hideousness of his moral nature, the feet that do his bidding would spurn him as he walked, and that only his bank account lies between himself and the world's open execration. Does this result of pushing *pay?* Is not Dives jealous of his own gold? Does he not envy, even in *this* world, many an honest Lazarus, whom he has pushed over in his unscrupulous career? There can be no doubt of it; for there is one thing your knavish pusher cannot do—he cannot push down his conscience!

And, after all, what is he but a fool. His energy—the gift of God—rightly employed, would have enriched him honorably. Why, even on merely pecuniary grounds, should this gift be prostituted to base purposes, when it is as certain as that the sun rises in the East and sets in the West, that by its legitimate exercise temporal success may be achieved, without wear and tear of conscience, or offence to God or man? We often hear successful rogues called "smart men." They deserve no such title. The dotard who should insist on making his way by a subterranean passage charged with foul vapors, and infested with reptiles, to some object which he could reach with equal certainty by the open highway, with pure air and bright sunshine to sustain and cheer him on his march, would deserve about as much credit for worldly wisdom, as he who pushes on after wealth, without regard to moral obligations.

WILL VS. APPETITE.

A man's mind, like his body, strengthens by use, and this is especially true of the *will*. It is held by many very excellent philanthropists that some men cannot control their appetites. They say, for example, that an individual may have such a special proclivity to intemperance that he cannot, despite the voice of his reason, his conscience and his interest, keep sober by the exercise of his will. If the inebriate be of unsound mind, this doctrine applies; but not otherwise. In any other case it is as false in logic as it is impolitic and mischievous. It is not that the debauchee's appetites are by nature too strong for his volition, but that he exercises and pampers his appetites, and prostitutes the restraining power which God has given for good purposes to bad ones. He *wills* to make a beast of himself, because he experiences a certain pleasure, such as it is, in placing himself on a level with the brutes.

Next summer an asylum for inebriates is to be opened at Binghamton, in this State; and too much praise cannot be awarded to the projectors and founders of the institution. Of the mode of treatment to be pursued there we are not informed, but we believe that the only way to make a drunkard *a man*, is to cultivate the moral strength of his will. Restraint will not work a permanent cure. He must be taught to depend, under Providence, upon *himself*, for reformation. His great lesson should be self-denial. He should be taught to fight with *all* his weaknesses. His will, so long obstinate in the wrong, must be made, if possible, as obstinate in the right. The very fact of his previous dogged and desperate adherence to the evil—for be it understood that no man is a drunkard except *wilfully*—is a proof that, under a proper perception of his duty and his powers, he can be as resolute for the good. Instead of treating him as a patient laboring under a disease, or as a victim of a principle in his nature and constitution, beyond his own control—show him that he possesses *inherently* the power of emancipating himself by self-effort from the domination of his appetite. This will be better than pity and sympathy. There is manhood in the weakest of us, if it can only be thoroughly waked up.

A HINT TO MATCH-MAKING MOTHERS.

Some mothers have the idea that a young gentleman is no match for one of their daughters unless, to use their own language, he can "support her in the style to which she has been accustomed." Old Jones lives in a big, brown-stone house, with twenty thousand dollars' worth of rosewood and carpets in it; therefore, let no man presume to address Miss Jones who cannot provide and maintain a big brown-stone house and twenty thousand dollars' worth of rosewood and carpets. A most preposterous notion, this. A better rule we beg most respectfully to suggest to the occupants of brown-stone palaces: Let no young man be considered a proper match for a young lady unless he can take her to as good a house, and provide her as large an income, as her parents enjoyed when *they* were married!

MODERN BOYS.

Shylock's remark to Portia—

> "How much more elder art thou than thy looks—"

might be appropriately addressed to many a modern boy. Not a few of our city young gentlemen claim the privileges of manhood long before they come to their beards, or even to the rudimental down which precedes the same. The worst of the matter is that their claims are tolerated by grown people. At fourteen years of age the modern boy of the fast class acquires a night key, and makes late use of it. He is critical in his cavendish, a judge of cigars and meerschaums, can talk of dry wines and full bodied wines, knows the entire list of "fancy drinks" by heart, patronises the opera, refers to "*my* tailor," "*my* bootmaker," and "*my* hatter," as if he had purchased those respectable tradesmen and held them in fee simple, has his little bill at the livery stable, and making up in assurance what he lacks in size and muscle, insists on associating with his "biggers and betters" on terms of equality.

We have something too much of this in New York, and if some of our eminent money-scrapers would now and then take their eyes off their growing heaps, and look after their growing sons, it would be good moral economy. The taverns in this city have no better customers than youths of from fourteen to nineteen years old. We are not speaking now of the class called in vulgar parlance the "riff raff," but of the sons of respectable parents, holding high social and business positions. If fathers are ignorant of these facts, the police are not. They know full well that on any given midnight, hundreds of young hopefuls, belonging to the "first families," as the phrase is, may be seen carousing in the fashionable restaurants and drinking saloons (and not a few in groggeries of a lower class,) with very questionable associates. Let parents remember that "the boy is father to the man," and look to these matters before it is too late.

A BIT OF CITY LIFE.

A young man from a neighboring State, the cutting of whose eye-teeth had been sadly neglected, lately came to this city for the purpose of seeing the sights and having a good time. He saw many sights, and had a good time that was unbroken by the slightest unpleasantness until one blue Monday morning, when he made the acquaintance of a couple of "fine young fellows," who invited him to ride over to a Long Island race-course with them, to see a trot between Patchen and Flora Temple, which they said was to come off that afternoon. They were going over early, they said, as they were half-owners of Patchen, and wanted to look after his condition, the more especially as they had bet large sums on him. Our young friend being anxious to see a trot, gladly accepted a seat in the carriage of his high-spirited friends. They crossed at the Green Point ferry, and drove off—where, or in what direction, the excited youth is unable to say. He only knows that after a while they stopped in "a lonesome sort of place," and told him he must hand over his watch, pocket-book, and whatever else he had that was worth taking, on pain of having his throat cut from ear to ear. He of course "handed over." They then told him to get out of the carriage and run across the field before him to the woods, declaring (as each drew a revolver) that if he even so much as once looked behind him before he reached the forest, they would "riddle him." He of course ran, and looked not back. When, some time afterwards, he cautiously stole out of the woods into the road, he luckily came upon a farmer on his way to Brooklyn, who gave him a lift in his wagon, and lent him two cents to pay his ferriage. Fortunately, he had a few dollars in his valise at his hotel, and paying his bill, he started for home, where, it is to be hoped, he arrived in safety.

POOR FELLOWS!

It is not an uncommon thing to hear city-bred exquisites say they do not like the country. They can endure Nature for a week or so; but after that she is a bore. They find rural life so fearfully dull—no theatre, no restaurants, no politics, no small talk, nobody to admire the well-cultivated moustache and latest novelty in tailoring, no hotel porticos to review the pretty girls from, no fashionable churches and sensation preachers, no soul to make a little private bet with, no cards, no billiards, no clubs, no chance for a "lark," no coquettes framed in windows over the way to make dumb love to, no anything, in short, but woods and fields and waters, and other natural trumpery. Now don't sneer at these people. They are really very much to be pitied. Just as much so as if they lacked the usual complement of limbs or senses. Indeed, they are more to be commiserated than if thus physically afflicted, for it is better to go about the world with a crippled body than a half-paralyzed soul.

A LESSON FOR THE YOUNG.

One of the most important precepts to be gravely and solemnly urged upon the consideration of the young, is, the sacredness of a promise. There are persons who would shrink in horror from the charge of habitual untruthfulness, who yet do not hesitate to break any pledge which they may make, when it comes in conflict with the selfish desire of the present hour. That they feel disinclined to keep a promise, or that they disregarded it in a fit of anger, is put forth as a grave and befitting excuse by those who should be ashamed of so childish a plea. The early training which produces no better fruit than this, must needs have been sadly defective. Let parents and teachers look to it, that strict integrity in regard to this very key-stone of moral excellence be carefully enforced by line upon line, and precept upon precept—and, better still, by example upon example.

"LENT TO A BARBARIAN."

The Chinese have been essentially chastised, but to whip their insolence out of them, seems to be impossible. Over the house appropriated to our minister at Pekin, they have placed an inscription signifying that it is "lent to the barbarian Ward, tribute bearer." Can it be possible that these people, after the recent tremendous lesson they have received from England and France, really believe that they are a superior race to their castigators? We presume it is so, for the specimens of the nation we have in this city are vain to the last degree. Stupidity, meanness and inordinate self-conceit, seem to be the special characteristics of the "Celestials."

LIFE'S BALM.

God over all! How the tired heart falls back upon this, like a babe on its mother's breast. No rebuff *there!* Ah! were we not so childishly impatient, were we willing to wait *His* time, instead of demanding our own imperative *now!* Could we sleep sweetly, and trust Him for the waking. Be the sky bright or cloudy, could we only *trust!* Ah! many a hard lesson must we learn, many a rebellious tear choke down, many a despairing "why hast thou forsaken me" stifle, ere we can learn that sweet, tranquil lesson—"God over all!"

Fanny Fern.

LEISURE HOURS.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

No. Sixteen.

THE BURDENS OF PUBLIC LIFE.

It has been said that every smart American schoolboy hopes and expects to become one day President of the United States. This would not be the case, if schoolboys derived their first impressions, not from fond parents and nurses, but from persons able from experience to enlighten them as to the real nature of public life, even in its highest stations. I am inclined to think that no two men in this country, if consulted on the subject by a hopeful lad of eight or ten, would so earnestly discourage the Presidential aspiration, as the out-going and in-coming Presidents of the United States;—the individual just retiring with four years' experience of the office, and the individual just entering upon it, after a decisive political triumph.

This is not peculiar to public life in this country, though for reasons, of which one or two may hereafter be stated, there is probably no country where public life is so arduous as in our own. Most persons would probably say, if their opinion was asked, that, all things considered, the throne of England was the most tempting position in public life. Its incumbent is the hereditary sovereign of one of the most powerful, highly civilized, and enlightened countries;—the head of the government possessing the most extensive territorial jurisdiction and ruling over the largest number of subjects, in fact circling the globe; the country most abounding in wealth, public and private, and the government under which the labors and cares of the chief magistrate are most effectually shared and relieved by constitutional advisers. All this may be truly said of the British monarchy at the present day, even by one who looks upon republicanism as the best form of government, and regards the democratic features of the English constitution as those which have most conduced to its successful operation and the prosperity of the people. But notwithstanding all this, it may be doubted whether there ever was a King or Queen of England (with the exception, perhaps, of the one now on the throne,) who has led a life of more than average comfort; and it is certain that most of the sovereigns, from King Alfred onward, have been oppressed by a load of thankless labor and care; public anxiety and distress; domestic and personal sorrows; the burdens of foreign and civil war,—in fact, the various forms of human trouble and suffering, to which monarchs and men are subject, enough to outweigh all the gratification which they could derive from the possession of what is called Power. Great personal popularity founded on a most exemplary character as an individual, happy family relations, and the successful administration of the government by able ministers, resulting in a high degree of public prosperity, have signalized the reign of the present Queen. But the short reign of her predecessor, the sailor king, was greatly disturbed by the dangerous agitations of the reform bill, which brought the country to the eve of a revolution. The Sybaritic indulgence of George the Fourth could have furnished him no comfort under the load of hatred which weighed him down; and we need not go further back than the reign of George the Third for memorable lessons on this subject, inculcated in the seven years' war, and the wars of the American and French revolution; in the fierce collisions of party; and the domestic infelicities, and personal infirmities, which drove him to insanity. We hear of the "merry monarch,"

> "Who never said a foolish thing,
> And never did a wise one,"

but if Charles the Second had not been the most heartless he must have been one of the saddest of men. Wholly destitute of serene geniality of temper, his "mirth" truly, like the "laughter of fools," was as "the crackling of thorns under a pot." "The glorious days of good Queen Bess,"—a sour-tempered, imperious termagant,—were passed in daily peril of her life till she ascended the throne,—and after her accession, were spent in the unlovely solitude of a cheerless palace, harassed with fierce dissentions in the church,—treason at home,—the necessity, real or imaginary, of bringing to the block, after years of cruel imprisonment, the head of a sister Queen who had sought her protection,—and gigantic peril to her life and throne from foreign war.

If we run down the line of the French kings, there is not one of them that a judicious drayman, who knows when he is well off, would envy. The most politic of them, Louis XI., in his successful efforts to consolidate the monarchy, waged a cruel life-long war, not so much against the victims of his tyranny, as against human nature herself. He immured princes of the blood, in dungeons, shaped like an inverted cone, where they could neither stand, sit, nor lie, without agony. The most chivalrous of the French kings, Francis the First, rode round the streets of Paris to witness the torments of his protestant subjects, who were tied to beams, so balanced as to play up and down into the flames, in order to prolong their sufferings, and this for the sake of warding off the suspicion (which was well founded,) that he himself secretly favored the new opinions. This enormity was overtaken by Nemesis on the battle field of Pavia, where he lost everything but honor, of which, if honor includes any of the manly virtues, beyond personal courage, he had none to lose. The most virtuous and generous of the royal line of France, Henry the Fourth, was willing to change his religion to secure his throne, and was murdered by a madman in the streets I have held the dagger of Ravaillac in my hand. The most magnificent and ambitious, and for a time the most successful of the old French Kings, Louis the XIV., closed a brilliant career in cheerless austerity, humiliation, and gloom. Louis XV, in youth the most timid and shamefaced of men, plunged into depths of profligacy at which even Paris stood aghast, and which sapped the foundations of the State. Louis the XVI, the gentle and kind-hearted, and his wife the proud, the bright, and beautiful, sunk down amidst the ruins of the crumbling monarchy, and closed their troubled reign, after undergoing the misery of a sordid imprisonment, rendered doubly galling by indignity and vulgar insult, upon scaffolds reeking with the blood of the best and most loyal of their subjects. What man in his senses, to whom Providence vouchsafes an adequate supply of daily bread, earned by daily labor, would deliberately exchange conditions with either of those who have swayed the sceptre of France since the great revolution, including the great Captain and Conqueror of the modern world; the mighty Prometheus of politics, whose great heart was torn on his sea-girt rock by the vulture of disappointed ambition, defeat, and ruin? Louis XVIII., restored after twenty years' exile, barely maintained his throne under the odium of the compulsory subsidies extorted by the foreign armies which placed him on it. His brother escaped into inglorious exile, from the unsuccessful attempt to control the ferocity of the factions by unconstitutional restraints. Louis Philippe, the Napoleon of peace, fell like the kinsman, whom he had supplanted; and Napoleon the Third has carved out with the sword a perilous succession to the empire, the conflicts, the mighty power and dazzling fame, but, wiser than Napoleon the First, let us hope, not to the reverses of his Uncle.

History records little of the great military rulers of antiquity, whose names stand out in the annals of mankind, but the battles by which their power was acquired and upheld. If the narrative of their interior policy, if the "*arcana imperii*" (the secrets of government), the negotiations with foreign powers which preceded the victorious appeal to arms, the factions within the State, the rebellions of disaffected provinces, the struggles for preference of jealous favorites, and the secular domestic curse of power among the oriental races which leads them all to

> "Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne;"

if the narrative of these details had come down to us, with that of their Arbelas, and their Pharsalias, we should see that the most famous of them were as little to be envied, as the common run of sovereigns. The inhuman tortures of Philotas, the chief of his body guard, said to have been inflicted in the actual presence of Alexander himself, concealed behind a curtain, and the consequent treacherous murder of Parmenio, the aged father of Philotas,—the second person in the empire,—the devoted friend of Alexander, and of his father before him,—throw fearful light upon the remorseless violence of the factions in the Macedonian Court, and prove its master to have been the victim of suspicions and fears, more than enough to poison all his youthful triumps. The life and career of Cæsar were a long conflict with warlike, barbarian enemies, assailed without provocation, and with unscrupulous political opponents, engaged like himself, in a selfish struggle for the unconstitutional rule of the State. His rival, Pompey the Great, first of Romans and of Rulers, technically so designated, died by the treacherous dagger of a wretched Egyptian eunuch, and Cæsar fell bleeding from twenty-three wounds, struck by the poniards of favorites and friends, the best beloved striking the home blow. Of his successors in the empire which he founded, many of them are proverbial for all that is most detestable in human character, and all that is most disastrous in human fortune. There is scarce one of them whose administration is not an almost unbroken succession of rebellions in the provinces, and wars with the barbarians; and not the least discreet was he (Diocletian) who, at the age of fifty-nine, resigned the empire and cultivated cabbages for the rest of his life;—an example imitated still earlier in life, by one of the most powerful and prosperous of modern sovereigns, the Emperor Charles the Fifth.

All that we know of the history of the ancient peoples that preceded the Greeks and the Romans,—the Egyptians, the Chaldæans, the Persians, the Medes, the Assyrians,—to say nothing of the remoter East, is a weary enumeration of disputed successions, treasonable plots, rebellious satraps, desolating wars,—the innumerable and indescribable woes of tyrannical government, anarchy, barbarism and slavery. No literary monuments of the remotest antiquity remain to furnish us minute details of these truly "dark ages" of crime and suffering; but from the moment the dominant races of the East, through their wars with the Jews, begin to find a place in sacred history, we become acquainted in outline with the bloody drama of Oriental despotism. Grecian history, from its first pages, represents it in the same dark characters. The frescoes in the Egyptian sepulchres throw some light on its merciless nature, and the monumental slabs which modern research has so lately exhumed on the banks of the Tigris, confirm the dismal tale. A curious illustration of the fidelity with which the life and manners of the East are portrayed in the Bible, is found in the representations on the marbles from Nineveh of trains of prisoners of war, secured by rings through the nose, to the chariot of the conqueror. (Compare Second Book of Kings, xix, 28.) What a reflection, that thirty centuries after the death of an Asiatic despot, long ages after the histories, if there were any, are lost, which recorded his deeds, the languages in which they were written are forgotten, and the site of his capitals buried fathoms deep beneath the soil, these carved relievos should be dug up to tell the tale of his cruelties.

In speaking of the evils attending the possession of power in ancient or modern times, we must not confine our comments to monarchs or hereditary rulers of any name. The republics of Greece and Rome present examples quite as striking as those which are furnished by the empires and kingdoms. Political life never existed in a more repulsive form than it did in the little Grecian republics. As I have stated in a former paper, there were traditionary feuds between the cities of the Doric and Ionic stock. In most of them individually, there was a strife perpetuated from generation to generation between the oligarchical and democratic factions, each seeking aid from the foreign governments in sympathy with them. The annals of Greece, in just proportion as we descend from the mythical period into that of probable and finally authentic history, present a uniform and weary tale of petty wars with neighboring states and merciless struggles between domestic factions. Confiscation and banishment were the fate of the defeated party at home; death for the combatants, and slavery for their wives and children, too often the doom of a vanquished enemy. These atrocious conditions of public life in peace and in war, kept many of the best minds and purest characters in retirement, and formed a very dangerous element of weakness and premature decay in the political organization of their turbulent states.

Nor must we, in stating the evils attending public life, confine ourselves wholly to the labors and dangers to which those actually engaged in it are exposed, both in republics and monarchies. The disappointments and sorrows, the unavailing sacrifices, the fruitless and thankless toils of those, who engage without success in the great competitions of political life, are also to be taken into the account. Among Houbraken's engravings of the great men who have figured from age to age in English History, how many exhibit the fatal axe at the bottom of the portrait! I doubt whether among the statesmen and politicians of any country,—even those whose lives are the most pure, and whose careers have been the most successful and illustrious, there is one, with whom a sober-minded man would be willing to change conditions, with all the drawbacks occasioned by the ingratitude and hostility of contemporaries, and all the perplexity and distress inseparable from the administration of affairs in difficult times. The "trade of monarch," as Joseph the Second called it, is no easy one, even in quiet times and in highly civilized countries. The "divinity that doth hedge the King" is no shield against the humbler cares of life. As a protection from some of these cares, the sovereigns of the ancient *régime* stood aloof from almost all social intercourse with their subjects. Miss Burney tells us in her Diary, that a lady of rank, detained at the palace by bad weather or other accident, was sometimes asked to dine at the royal table; but that no man, not of royal or princely blood, was ever invited to dine with the king and queen. Dr. Franklin mentions it as an extraordinary distinction, verifying the Scripture promise to a man who is diligent in calling, that he had stood before three kings, and been invited to dine with one, viz.: the King of Denmark, at that time one of the least considerable of the crowned heads of Europe. This isolation of the Sovereign, which prevented his sharing the festive enjoyments of life, with the intelligent and distinguished of his subjects, was of itself no mean privation; but it saved some trouble and no little heart-burning. Kings and queens at the present day dispense their hospitality liberally, but the coveted honor must be conferred with anxious discrimination. It is said that there are from eighteen hundred to two thousand names on the royal visiting book in England, and it will readily be conceived that, among those persons *not* borne on the envied list, there must be more discontent than would exist if, as in the time of George the Third, nobody was ever invited. Even the homage which loyal subjects delight to pay to popular sovereigns is not without its inconvenience. The great stir, which attends their movements, seriously interferes with a free circulation through the kingdom. The Queen told me they should go about much more than they do, but for their reluctance to cause the trouble incident to their reception and entertainment. The good will of our favoring multitudes assumes a somewhat different form in this country. What with the vast and not always manageable crowds that await their arrivals, the multitudinous hand-shakings, the inevitable address and reply, we are in a fair way to kill with kindness the distinguished guests, foreign and domestic, on whom we bestow these pitiless honors.

DEMORALIZING INFLUENCE OF DEBT.

Debt is an inexhaustible fountain of Dishonesty. The Royal Preacher tells us: *The borrower is servant to the lender.* Debt is a rigorous servitude. The debtor learns the cunning tricks, delays, concealments, and frauds, by which dishonest servants evade or cheat their master. He is tempted to make ambiguous statements; pledges, with secret passages of escape; contracts, with fraudulent constructions; lying excuses, and more mendacious promises. He is tempted to elude responsibility; to delay settlement; to prevaricate upon the terms; to resist equity, and devise specious fraud. When the eager creditor would restrain such vagrancy by law, the debtor then thinks himself released from moral obligation, and brought to a legal game, in which it is lawful for the best player to win. He disputes true accounts; he studies subterfuges; extorts provocatious delays; and harbors in every nook, and corner, and passage, of the law's labyrinth. At length the measure is filled up, and the malignant power of debt is known. It has opened in the heart every fountain of iniquity; it has besoiled the conscience; it has tarnished the honor; it has made the man a deliberate student of knavery; a systematic practitioner of fraud: it has dragged him through all the sewers of petty passions,—anger, hate, revenge, malicious folly, or malignant shame. When a debtor is beaten at every point, and the law will put her screws upon him, there is no depth in the gulf of dishonesty into which he will not boldly plunge. Some men put their property to the flames, assassinate the detested creditor, and end the frantic tragedy by suicide, or the gallows. Others, in view of the catastrophe, have converted all property to cash, and concealed it. The law's utmost skill, and the creditor's fury, are alike powerless now—the tree is green and thrifty; its roots drawing a copious supply from some hidden fountain.

Craft has another harbor of resort for the piratical crew of dishonesty; viz.: *putting one's property out of the law's reach by a fraudulent conveyance.* Whoever runs in debt, and consumes the equivalent of his indebtedness; whoever is fairly liable to damage for broken contracts; whoever by folly, has incurred debts and lost the benefit of his outlay; whoever is legally obliged to pay for his malice or carelessness; whoever by infidelity to public trusts has made his property a just remuneration for his defaults; whoever of all these, or whoever, under any circumstances, puts out of his hands property, morally or legally due to creditors, is A DISHONEST MAN. The crazy excuses which men render to their consciences, are only such as every villain makes, who is unwilling to look upon the black face of his crimes.

HEREDITARY VENGEANCE.

The ancient Corsican institution of *la vendetta*, or "hereditary vengeance," seems to be growing in favor on this continent. In Corsica, many a man has been assassinated because *his* ancestor had assassinated the assassin's ancestor two hundred years before; the inheritance of vengeance having been carefully handed down from generation to generation, and the family blood of the offender having been traced in its descent with unerring accuracy, until an opportunity occurred to spill it with the predestined stiletto. We have not yet reached that sublimity of vengeance on this hemisphere, perhaps because we are too young. But of late years there have been frequent instances of sons and grandsons avenging with bloody hand the wrongs of fathers and grandfathers: and there have been a few cases where the female descendants have wreaked the hereditary family vengeance. It is to be hoped that these displays of revenge are the results of temporary and unnatural excitements, and not an indication that the people of this country are tending towards Corsicanism.

TO LET.

The ladies who intend to move in May have commenced their domiciliary visitations. They will have what advertisers call "a wide field for choice," for the eruption placard inscribed "To let," has broken out more extensively than usual this Spring. It is *hoped* that rents will be lower; but there is no good reason to expect such a desirable consummation. How can rents fall when the assessments are heavier than they have ever been. Think of the $11,000,000 that we are to pay this year for the privilege of being villainously governed. Patient sheep that we are; the equanimity of Job under his sufferings was not a circumstance to the meekness with which we submit to be sheared. No, rents will remain as they are. Let us think ourselves well off that they do not rise. The landlords must have their nine or ten per cent, and the tenants must pay the landlords' taxes.

◆

Louisville, Ky., *Feb. 26th*, 1861.

Mr. Bonner—*Dear Sir*—In your valuable paper of the 23d of February, I learned a lesson that I shall never forget, and I am indebted to the eminent author of the story, *Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.* for his "Inherited Wealth," and hope, with the help of God, to win an inheritance for my children—if not in gold, I will leave them a good name. I take many of the incidents of that little story to myself, and I know many others who might profit by its perusal. I always admired *Mr. Cobb* as an author, and will hereafter eagerly seek for his productions, as they generally teach a good moral.

Very respectfully, A Subscriber.

◆

Carbontale, Kanawha Co., Va., *Feb. 18th*, 1861.

To the Editor of the Ledger—*Dear Sir*:—I saw in the Ledger of the 16th inst., your decision in regard to the growth of the cranberry, in which you decide that they grow on vines. Cranberries grow in great abundance in Nicholas County, Elk River, and Gauley River, Va., and permit me to say they certainly grow on *bushes*; so I am sure that Frank is correct.

An Old Reader of the Ledger.

◆

True Friendship.—In order to deserve a true friend, we must learn first to be one.

IN LOVE.

BY JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

I.

Under the Tulip Trees.

I lean my forehead on your knees,
And feel your fingers in my hair:
And as the sunshine floods the trees,
Your beauty floods me, rich and rare.
And all is bright and debonnaire·
Pure peace extends from pole to pole:
While some divinest touch
Makes music in my soul.

My forehead on the knees, so long
My pillow, what is fate to me,
And every woe?—the threat of wrong,
The tempest muttering on the sea?
For life is one long ecstacy—
A music, mellow, soothing, deep,
Which lulls me, heart and brain,
To a delicious sleep!

The silken tissue falling down
To tender feet, of snowy white,
My blissful face doth flood and drown
In rippling waves of full delight.
And lo, I bask in beauty's light,
Caressing with fond lips the curl,
Flowing, a midnight wave
Down from its shore of pearl.

So resting at her snowy feet,
Her hand pressed to my lips and cheek,
Her eyes discourse a joy so sweet
It overwhelms me:—faint and weak,
I heavier lean, nor strive to break
The spell that binds me to her knees
Filling my mortal life
With such sweet ecstacies!

I rest and see the tender light
Of sunset slowly wane away.
Dear eyes so calm, so pure, so bright,
Spite of the fading sunset stay!
Shine on me, dearest, night and day,
And I will never drop asleep,
For fear that you will pass
Leaving me here to weep!

O love! you are my hope and stay;
My nightly dream, my waking joy:
The long years, cloudlike, pass away,
Again I am a careless boy:
And life holds nothing to annoy:
For, blessed with thee, all woes are nought:
Life is a war no more—
The battle has been fought!

You are my angel, and my fate,
Until I knew you, I was poor,
That now am rich, and sit in state
Upon eternity's great shore:
And Time to me is nothing more
Than some one set to play a tune
To fill the idle hours
Of the grand, wealthy June!

II.

In a Dream.

Oh! heart full filled with love's delight,
And careless of the coming hours,
When she would pass from mortal sight
Slow fading like the April flowers!
She blooms in other realms than ours
Past yonder sunset dying slow,
And all my foolish words
Were drowned in tears and woe.

Oh yes! our human wills are nought
And Fate still holds her regal sway:
Mine, mine forever!" said and thought-
Even as I spoke she passed away,
Even as beside her feet I lay!
She bent and slowly pressed the last
Soft kiss upon my brow,
And like an angel passed!

Well, let me smile again, in place
Of weeping. "All is for the best!"
They tell us coldly. My own race
Is run, and sunken in the west:
I scoffed at Fate: she brought the test!
But though struck down by her, I'll show
I hold my joy as close
As I am clasped by woe!

That hand is still upon my brow—
Dear hand! it beckons me away
To those fond days when we did vow
To love each other night and day:—
'Twas in the joyful month of May,
Dear month of flowers! when wandering on
We saw the sunset die
In crimson o'er the lawn!

And then the pretty rustic seat
Beneath the budding tulip trees!—
Half lying at your little feet,
My forehead, love, upon your knees!
Even now I hear the laughing breeze
Above us in the tulip tree,
Disputing with your voice
The palm of melody.

Dear tender eyes! true evidence
Of utter faith! Pure, youthful face.
Sweet lips, the type of innocence!
Fond, melting voice! Calm, maiden grace,
You fill for me the realms of space
With joy; for all beside is gone!—
All darkness, as when earth
Smiles, stricken by the sun!

And so, forever, through the years
I lean my head upon your knees:
Your face I see through happy tears,
Your voice I hear in every breeze.
And lo' across the golden seas
I sail toward the shining shore,
Where, in the Blessed Isles,
We meet to part no more!

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THE HARLOW ESTATE.

ITS HEIRS--REAL AND PRETENDED.

A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

BY P. HAMILTON MYERS,

AUTHOR OF "PAUL MORTON," "PRISONER OF THE BORDER," "BELL BRANDON," "THE VAN VELDENS," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

As Evelyn gazed down the narrow and thronged avenue without catching a sight of the little tippet and cap, her hope diminished and her courage well nigh failed. But where every thing was in motion, a distant object, obscured at one instant might become visible the next, and she continued for some moments to peer anxiously through the shifting crowd, shading her eyes with her hand as she did so. There were so many cross streets into which the pursued party might have turned, that the quest was fast becoming entirely hopeless—but she resolved not yet to abandon pursuit. As she lowered her hand from her eyes, and again started forward, a young gentleman who had stood watching the panting girl stepped up to her and said with a look and tone of unmistakeable kindness:

"You seem to be in distress, young lady; can I do anything to asssist you?"

Evelyn glanced hurriedly at him as she replied:

"Oh yes, if you please sir, come with me, and I will tell you as we go along."

Her alarm was so apparent that the gentleman did not smile at this singular reply.

"You are in pursuit of some one?" he said, as they fairly ran, side by side together.

"Yes sir—my brother I think; a little boy not six years old—I am so sure I saw him turn down this street with a strange man and woman. I fear he is carried off, for you know such things have been."

"Stop, then, we'll speak to a policeman——"

"Oh no, no, do not wait for that, I saw them but a few minutes ago, and if we can only catch sight of them again, I am sure I can overtake them no matter how far they are off."

But when Evelyn and her good-natured friend had run a few blocks, stopping at all the corners to look up and down the streets which they passed, they paused and looked in each other's faces.

"There are so many places where they might have turned off," said the youth.

"Yes."

"And so many more where they might have gone in——"

"Yes—sir—but I think I will go farther; I am much obliged to you."

"Oh no! I will go with you! come on."

Their run had subsided into a fast walk, and they stopped to inquire of many whom they met, but no one could give them any information of the child.

At last Evelyn stopped again and began to cry.

"It's of no use to go farther," she said, "I am much obliged to you."

She intended this for a dismissal of her companion, but he replied:

"You are far from home—you must allow me to accompany you back."

He said this so authoritatively that Evelyn, who considered herself such a little girl, did not think of disputing him.

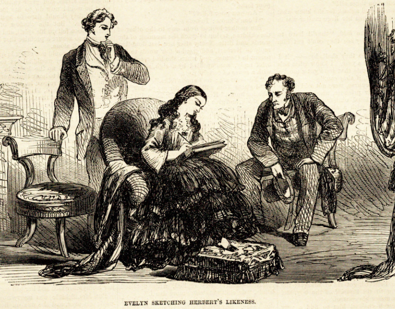
"Do not cry," he continued, "it may prove not to have been your brother; or if it were, perhaps no harm will come to him. Are you quite sure that it was he?"

"Oh no—I try to believe it was not, but there was something about his appearance that makes me think it must have been."

She shuddered as the strength of her first impression returned to her, and she cried more uncontrollably.

"Pray be calm, Miss; I will accompany you home; and if your fears should prove correct, I will go instantly to a police station, and in ten minutes there will be vigilant officers in pursuit of the boy, who will be almost certain to bring him to you before night."

"Oh pray let us hasten then, I can walk a great deal faster than this."



EVELYN SKETCHING HERBERT'S LIKENESS.

The gentleman offered his arm, which Evelyn took without hesitation. She had no thought for any thing or any one but Herbert, and as she went along she was constantly calculating the chances of it not being him she had seen—and the chances of recovering him, if it were.

When they reached one of the gates of the park they were to cross, the remembrance of Aunt Ally suddenly came to her mind, and she looked eagerly forward to see if she were at her accustomed place. It was some moments before her tear-filled eyes could make out the distant form of her friend, but the instant they did so she quitted the arm of her companion, and without a word of explanation almost flew across the green.

Seth Lynde was for a moment disposed to look around him to see if there were any near Lunatic Asylum from which his fair friend might have escaped, but at the next thought he started quickly in pursuit of Evelyn, and he was not too far behind her when she reached Mrs. Binney to hear what was said; and thus learn the cause of her singular conduct.

"Oh Aunt Ally!" exclaimed Evelyn, fairly throwing herself into the widow's arms, "tell me if you have seen Herby pass here this afternoon?"

"Why, *yes*, Miss Eveline," returned the woman, turning very pale, "he went past here about twenty minutes ago in that direction," pointing the way which Miss Sitterly had come; but before she could say more Evelyn had swooned.

Mr. Lynde sprang to her relief, and supported her until Aunt Ally brought water from the fountain, and hurriedly bathed her temples.

"Pray, what is the matter?" asked the widow, violently trembling, and looking as if she also would faint. "Has any thing happened to the boy?"

"She thinks he is stolen," was the brief reply, for Evelyn had now partly revived and with faint voice was begging to be carried home.

There was no time for explanations; the danger was great that she would again relapse into insensibility, and Mr. Lynde, raising her, placed her arm within his own, and started slowly towards the residence of Mrs. Sitterly, which Aunt Ally pointed out to him.

"Go with us Aunty," said Evelyn.

"No—not there! not there! I will go look for the dear boy. Merciful Father, protect him!"

The gentleman told her which street the child had been taken into, and she started rapidly off on her vain search, while Mr. Lynde and his companion, who grew momentarily stronger, proceeded across the park to the Sitterly mansion.

Mrs. Sitterly had not yet returned from her shopping tour, but the gay Frederick was within, reclining upon a sofa in the parlor, smoking a cigar.

He received the agitated Evelyn's news with philosophic calmness, coolly reproved her for getting unnecessarily excited, which, he said, besides being unhealthful was decidedly ungenteel.

"It is not probable," he continued, when he found that these consoling remarks rather increased than allayed her grief; "it is not probable that the boy has been stolen. And if it should prove to be so," he added, knocking the ashes from his cigar, "I should think it quite likely he will be found."

"But we must—we must look for him, pa, and right away too. Think what the dear little fellow would suffer to be away even one night in the hands of ruffians. There is a gentleman here—he would not come in—he is waiting on the front stoop——"

"Oh—ho."

"And he is ready—ready to do any thing——"

"I dare say——"

"He will go right to a police station and send out men—only he thought I had better make quite sure that I was not mistaken and that the boy was not at home."

"Very wise and sensible. He has rather the advantage of you, my dear. Please to ask him in."

"Yes sir—and I will run and make certain about Herby. Oh if he *should* be at home after all!"

Mr. Lynde came into the parlor, where Evelyn left him, while she ran down stairs to inquire about the child. Expecting to find the house in an uproar of alarm, the young gentleman was somewhat surprised at the picture of tranquility presented by Mr. Sitterly, who did not even rise from his reclining position, but nodded to his visitor and asked him to sit down.

He at once concluded that the child must be safe; and he said, (for the other seemed in no hurry to speak,) "I hope the young lady's fears have proved groundless, sir."

"Don't know—don't know; she has gone to ascertain. It strikes me as rather an improbable story."

Seth Lynde glanced at the windows—half expecting to find that they were grated, and that he had now got *inside* of a Lunatic Asylum. Then he looked again at the imperturbable Sitterly with an expression of wonder, which gradually changed into one of contempt. Before either of them spoke again Evelyn's sobs were heard in the hall as she rapidly approached the parlor.

"He is gone! gone!" she said as she entered the room. "Betty saw him go out with Bridget, the new girl, nearly an hour ago."

"With Bridget?"

"Y—y—yes—and now I know it was she I saw with him, for Betty described her dress to me."

"Oh but he's safe enough if he is with Bridget——"

"*No*—pa—she had no *right* to go out with him," Evelyn said, very earnestly; "she was the laundress—besides, there was a man with her, and they each had him by the hand—and they were away down in —— street."

"How came *you* to be there?" asked Sitterly.

"I saw them from the other end of the park, and followed them, but lost sight of them."

"Then you did a very imprudent thing, Evelyn."

"She did a very humane thing, sir," replied Seth, no longer able to repress his resentment, "for which I honor her from the inmost depths of my heart."

"Ah—indeed—she is greatly beholden to you, sir!"

Evelyn glanced at her friend as he spoke, and observed at one quick view what, in her agitation, she certainly had not noticed before, that he was a very handsome young man, and remarkably well dressed. But she did not give a second thought to him.

"Now, pa, what *shall* we do?"

"Shall I give information to the police?" asked the stranger, subduing his resentment out of regard to the young lady's great distress.

Evelyn looked appealingly at her father.

"You are really too obliging Mr.—a—what may I call your name, sir?"

"Lynde sir—my name is Seth Lynde."

"Ah, indeed!" replied Sitterly with a changed air. "A relative of our distinguished friend, Montgomery Lynde?"

"His son, sir."

"His son! I am happy to—a—make your acquaintance, sir—even under such—ah—unpleasant circumstances," said Sitterly rising at length, "but really in regard to this affair, my daughter has evidently quite over-rated its magnitude, and I should hardly feel justified in putting the —a—civil authorities in motion on such a slight evidence that any crime has been committed."

Evelyn's large eyes flashed with a sudden fire, which illuminated the great tear-globes that were rolling from them. Her girlhood seemed by some magic touch to have passed away, and she stood erect and defiant in all the majesty of womanly indignation.

"*Go*, Mr. Lynde!" she said. "In the name of humanity, go! *You* at least have a *heart!* Give the alarm! and give it quickly! Leave nothing undone, and be sure of the eternal gratitude of one miserable wretch, who has nothing, *nothing* else to love in this wide world, excepting that one dear, lost boy!"

Her quivering lips, her flushed cheeks—her trembling voice, the convulsive sobs, which she vainly sought to repress, as sinking into a large chair, she buried her face in its cushioned depths, all attested the violence of her emotions.

Mr. Lynde hurried forth, without a word of leave-taking, ere her words had fairly ceased, and Frederick Sitterly crimsoning with wrath and shame, stood motionless in the centre of the room.

"The house has a new mistress to-day," he said, at last, with forced calmness. "Mrs. Sitterly and myself will have occasion to rejoice that the cares of domestic government are removed from our shoulders."

Evelyn did not reply.

"What means this most unbecoming and unfilial conduct? Is it really true that you have no one to love but this child, who is not even most distantly related to you?"

"Who else is there?" asked Evelyn, passionately. "*You* will not permit me to love you. You make me almost a stranger to you; and—and—mother—since I must call her so, (though I *never* do it without feeling that I desecrate that holy name,) she never loses an opportunity to let me see that I am an object of profound indifference to her—if not of positive dislike. But I did not mean to complain for myself; certainly not at such a time as this; I speak of these things as an excuse (if excuse is necessary) for loving poor dear Herbert, who is even more neglected than myself—and an excuse for being angry when you receive the news of his loss so coolly. I am calmer now, and I ask your forgiveness."

If there had been a spark of real manhood about the piece of starched effeminacy which stood before Evelyn, he would have clasped his noble daughter to his heart, and begged *her* pardon with penitential tears.

He replied instead:

"You may go to your room, and make better resolutions for the future. Whatever is proper to be done about the boy, will be attended to without your aid, or that of your poppinjay friend."

Evelyn withdrew, still in a state of great agitation, but trying to moderate her fears in relation to Herbert. She had two friends now on the quest, Mr. Lynde and good Aunt Ally, and she could not doubt that when Mrs. Sitterly returned, which must be very soon, she would take some active measures for the recovery of the boy.

She was not mistaken. For, however that lady might be lacking in maternal affection, or however easily she might have been reconciled to even the death of her son by the immense inheritance which it would devolve upon her, she knew very well what the proprieties of life required of her. Her signs of grief, when she received the intelligence, were even louder, and more demonstrative than Evelyn had anticipated and she despatched every servant in the house, and her astonished husband also, into the streets to look for the child.

They might as well have staid at home, and this perhaps she knew. The quieter movements of Mr. Lynde had set in motion a little municipal machinery which gave the only hopes of present rescue, and even these were slight enough to leave every heart which took an interest in the boy's welfare chilled with the direst apprehension.

CHAPTER VII.

Little Herbert had proceeded a long way on his devious journey, before he began to entertain any alarm or suspicion. Continually asking if they were not "almost there," and as constantly answered in the affirmative, he at length complained of fatigue, and begged to be taken back.

"Never mind the hoop to-day, Bridget," he said, for even that brilliant prize had ceased to allure him. "Evvy and Aunt Ally will be waiting for us."

There was a jeering reply, which he did not comprehend, and a hearty laugh from his captors—as they hurried him forward, for they were now where they had little fear of pursuit.

He began to cry, and was hushed by threats; and then, with a terror which filled his little soul, he remembered the warnings which Evelyn had given him about straying from home—and the danger of being carried off. Yet here was Bridget, his mother's servant, who had always spoken so kindly to him; he still looked hopefully to her, although her voice and manner were so strangely changed.

With alternate scoldings and coaxings, he was kept tolerably quiet until they reached the very retired apartment which has been described as the residence of Grume, into which they were admitted only after the same mystic signals which had preceded Bridget's entrance on the previous Saturday.

Here poor Herbert's wailings at first greatly increased, but they were allayed by Bridget's earnest protestations that she was going "right straight home to bring Miss Aveline to that very nice place."

Before she departed, she had an aside conversation with Grume, in which there were some words not very pacific in tone, but the meaning of which were unintelligible to the child, who sat sobbing on a wooden chair, on which he had been placed, gazing now at the excited colloquists, and now at the woman who had let them in, and who had addressed some soothing words to the little prisoner.

"It's not the few dollars I ought to be askin' yees for, any ways, after bringin' yees sich a childer as you; and yees a goin' to get sich a power of goulden guineas."

"*Going* to get! Oh, yes! Very well, just wait till I *do* get 'em, that's all, and then you shall have your share."

"Well, thin—I'll come in a few days—I know yees is not the man to do a mane action at all. I'll come, say on Thursday; by that time yees'll have the money."

"All right—come on Thursday—and you won't find *me* here if you do."

The latter part of this remark was made after the door had closed between the speakers.

"Not find you here, Tom?" asked the remaining woman. "What do you mean by that?"

"Of course not; to be blarneyed out of half I make, or perhaps to be peached aginst for not paying enough. We'll have other quarters. It's safer every way."

"Ha! ha! Won't Biddy rave then?"

"Let her! She deserves to! A *woman* that could do such a thing as that, and not know but that I was some real Turk of a fellow that would—that would——Shut up there, you little hound, or I'll skin you in two seconds. D'ye hear?"

The crying boy stopped very suddenly, and scarcely breathed for terror.

"Yes—we'll go to-morrow. There isn't much to move."

"Where are we to go?"

"*I* know—I'll go and see about it at once, and do you see that no one comes in until I come back."

He went out, and Herbert, greatly relieved by his absence, gradually sobbed himself to sleep in his chair, without any interruption from the woman, who was engaged at some domestic work with quite a cheerful air, which did not seem to suffer any abatement out of sympathy for the child.

For a quarter of an hour he nodded violently, making such little short jerks of his neck as seemed almost to threaten its dislocation; and then the woman, who seemed to have found a little leisure, lifted him from his chair and laid him upon a bed. He slept soundly there for a long time, and when he awoke it was quite dark without, and a single smoking lamp was burning in the room, where he lay, faintly revealing its contents, and gradually recalling to his bewildered senses the dreadful memories of the day. Beside the light his ungentle warder was making her toilette in front of a bit of broken mirror, into which she gazed with evident complacency.

She was a woman apparently under twenty-five years of age, with a fair skin and comely features, excepting a sinister eye, which played at cross purposes with its fellow.

The dress in which she was arraying herself was one of a fabric and fashion such as veritable ladies wear; and such indeed as many ladies are unable to obtain.

Mrs. Grume looked well in it, too, and it took something off from the load of little Herbert's fears when he saw his jailer so gaily apparelled. With a faint voice he spoke.

"Has Evvy come?"

"Oh, you've woke up, have you?"

"Yes, ma'am; has—has Evvy come?"

"No, no; Evvy hasn't come, and she won't either, so don't you expect it."

"Has Bridget come?"

"No—and *she* won't come, either."

Herbert began to cry vociferously, and to beg to go home, but the woman came to his bedside and said:

"Now do you get up and stop that noise; *he'll* be here in a minute, and if he finds you crying, you'll wish you never learned how. Here's supper all ready on the table, and I s'pose you'll get some of it with us if you behave yourself."

She jerked him from the bed, and made him sit on a stool in the corner, where he at once became quite silent, and where he watched the door impatiently, still with the hope that Evelyn or Bridget was coming to his relief.

Footsteps approached, and his eyes gleamed with gladness, but only to fill with tears, the next moment, at the sight of the one object which, above all others, was most terrible to him.

Yet Grume came home only moderately cross, and did not address any sterner language to the trembling child than many a parent bestows upon his prattler for disturbing him over his evening newspaper.

He announced his success in obtaining the new home which he had been to look for, and he said they were to move very early the next morning.

"In the meantime, nobody is at home here," he said, barring the door very securely. "I couldn't see any light from the outside, but if you hear steps blow out the lamp, to make sure."

The new quarters were in another lane, narrower and dirtier than that which formed the entrance to their present abode, and walled up still higher by brick and mortar, the front view of which showed a substantial block of stores and offices filled and thronged in business hours with respectable people, but deserted and silent at night. All its extreme heights, and some portions of its rear depths, were populous with tenants of all grades of poverty, yet not all either degraded or vicious.

"You said it should be a *front* basement next time, Tom," said the wife, reproachfully, for she had an eye to some elevation in the social scale.

"Do we *want* a front basement now?" was the reply, with a glance at the boy; "and, besides, there aint any to let in any of these blocks; they're all used for the stores. You let me alone, and you see we'll be out of basements altogether before long. I have my eye *on a house.*"

"A *house?*"

"Yes; perhaps it won't be Christmas again before we're in it, too. Money is getting much plentier they say, and of course we'll feel it one way or other."

Grume spoke like a man in business, and so he was in a good many kinds, although he kept no signs up, and did not advertise.

"Is *he* to eat?" asked the woman, as she placed chairs at the waiting supper-table.

"Eat? Oh, yes, I suppose so; we must keep him in as good condition as possible."

They sat down, Herbert readily obeying the call to supper, for great as was his misery, it had not subdued his appetite.

The table was without a cloth, and with no superfluity of dishes—but there was on it some very savory fried bacon, and good bread and tea. The boy was moderately helped, and he attacked the bread and meat with such good will that his plate was quickly emptied, and he looked timidly at the woman (who carved), and from her to the dish which contained the source of supply. His appeal was unheeded, and he did not dare to put it in words.

Conversation assumed a lively tone between husband and wife, and the hungry boy, after much longing and patient waiting, nodded again, and fell asleep in his chair.

"We can't go to the play to-night, then," said Mrs. Grume, glancing at her gay dress.

"No; I should think you would a known that, and *him* here."

"The Teggs are goin'. Mrs. Teggs says she *must* see that new play right off; she wouldn't give a cent to see it after ever everybody else has been."

Mrs. Teggs was a young washerwoman living in an adjoining basement, who went out to day's work at the tub. Her husband was a dashing fellow, and was barkeeper in a low gambling house.

"She asked me that agin to-day," said Mrs. Grume, with some vexation.

"Asked you what?"

"What your business was?"

"Well—you told her?"

"Yes; I told her you was a stage-driver out of a place just now, but a goin' to be in very soon."

"All right—as well that as anything else; it's necessary to be something, else one is all the while suspected. Confound the meddling, prying, inquisitive women, I say. I wish I was Grand Turk over this here city, I'd bore all their tattling tongues for 'em, *I* would."

"'Cept mine, I s'pose," said the woman, rising from the table.

But the angry man did not reply; he filled and lighted a pipe, and catching sight of the child, he bade his wife "put the brat to bed."

"I should like to know where I am to put him?"

"Anywhere; put some old clothes on that chest; he's sound enough for the night, I hope. I don't want any more bawling."

The man smoked sullenly a long time, and his wife, who longed for some one to talk to, regretted her indiscretion in arousing his ill-temper by telling him of the gossipping washerwoman's question.

When he had filled the room with the odor and smoke of bad tobacco, making poor Herbert gasp and choke in his sleep, he put up his pipe and went to bed.

CHAPTER VIII.

When the shades of evening began to gather around the Sitterly mansion, without any intelligence of its lost heir, great excitement prevailed throughout the household, though it may be doubted if more than one heart felt any intensity of anguish. Evelyn was really frantic with grief, and so fearful were its manifestations, that her father, moved by her misery and alarmed for her reason, placed her under medical treatment.

Soon after dark, Mr. Lynde came to say that the chief of police had sent out two vigilant men in pursuit of the kidnappers, and that a third—a most adroit detective—would also be on the track in a few minutes.

That officer had accompanied him, to obtain from Evelyn's lips as minute a description as she could give of Bridget and her accomplice, and also to procure a daguerreotype of the boy.

The former of these requirements she hastily yet carefully furnished, narrating, between her sobs, many little points of dress and gait with which she had carefully stored her memory.

But as to the daguerreotype, there was no such thing in the house. Poor Herbert had never been an object of sufficient consideration to his mother to induce her to obtain his picture.

"It is too bad," said the weeping girl, but, seized with a sudden thought, she added, "Wait a minute; I am sure I can give you something like the dear fellow."

She ran for her crayon and drawing paper, and, guided by the inspiration of affection, she quickly sketched a head so strikingly like the beautiful boy's, that no one could have seen him without discovering the resemblance.

"There; it is like him, I'm sure, and his dress I have already described to you."

Seth looked on in excessive admiration, both at the sketch and the artist, and then, with his companion, hurried off, not hearing or replying to the well worded thanks which Mrs. Sitterly expressed for his kindness.

He had not mentioned to any one so trifling a circumstance as the fact that he had engaged the "shadow" at his own cost, and that he was going to accompany it that dark night, in many places where his own would have been unable to follow.

To have known all this could scarcely have enhanced Evelyn's deep sense of obligation to him, nor added to her gratitude. Encouraged with new hopes, she attained to something like equanimity, and the solemn physician, whose visit was nearly simultaneous with that of Seth, expressed much satisfaction that his draught had proved so potential, and directed its frequent repetition through the night.

It was to Evelyn a night of forced and fitful slumbers—of wild dreams, in which she was constantly pursuing, through a maze of streets, the ever visible yet ever vanishing boy, whose little hands were outstretched to her, and whose sweet face was turned back to her from far corners, around which he was still hurried by his cruel custodians.

From these painful imaginings she would awake with the fancied sound of the door bell in her ears, and listen with suspended breath to catch its repetition, or to hear the tread of tiny feet, and the shout of the one loved voice from below

Alas! dear Evelyn, no such greetings were to fall upon thine ear or gladden thy pure heart. Lie down again; again send up thy fervent prayers to Him who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and without whose permission not even a sparrow may fall to the ground.

When morning came, with no tidings except of foiled and fruitless search, Evelyn was the first in family council to suggest an advertisement, with the offer of a large reward for the recovery of Herbert. But her father objected. It would be offering a bounty upon crime, he said, and was contrary to good morals.

"Let the police officers," he said, "be promised as large a reward as you please, or rather as large as your mother pleases, even to a thousand dollars, (he had paid more for his horses,) but do not put it in the advertisements. They will be stimulated to greater exertions if the offer is not general, and it is to them, after all, that we must look for success."

Mrs. Sitterly coincided with these views, and the advertisements, which were sent to all the papers, contained no allusion to a reward.

On that same day the afflicted mother sent for her legal counsel, and had a business interview with him, in which that gentleman, though accustomed to all phases of human character, was not a little astonished at the early and eager inquiries about the contingent ownership of the great Harlow estate "in case the dear boy should never be found."

That opinions were satisfactory was evident from the tranquil grief of the matron after the departure of the lawyer.

CHAPTER IX.

Tom Grume made an early flitting to his new abode on the morning succeeding his crime. His few effects were easily moved without a return of the single cart which conveyed them, and it would not have been easy for his acquaintances in Swine Alley to have tracked him to his new retreat.

Little Herbert was kept quiet during the change, by the promise that he was to be taken "straight home," an expectation which he did not abandon until all parties were snugly locked in at their new quarters, a place still more dismal than that which they had left.

Grume's next step was to sally forth and buy two or three of the morning newspapers, which he brought home and studied long and eagerly, (for he was not a ready reader,) to find the advertisement on which his golden hopes were founded.

There were a score of columns of "wants" to be spelled through, and there were many glaring little notices headed "$5,000" or "$10,000," which made his cruel heart leap for joy, but which proved to be generous offers of illimitable fortunes to any person who would advance these trifling sums confidingly for an interest in some new discovery.

"They haven't done it yet," he said, throwing the newspapers aside with some misgivings. "I guess it will be in to-morrow."

He tried an afternoon paper, and after another long examination he found something to the purpose.

"Here it is at last!" he said, in great glee.

"'Child lost. A little boy—Herbert Harlow! (That's it! Bridget said 'twas Holly, but this is it!) six years old—supposed to be stolen'—hem!—'velvet cap—red tippet—green plaid jacket—any in-for-mation will be thank—thankfully received by his dis-tressed parients.' Why, here aint anything about money! Not one word! A curse on them all!"

Mrs. Grume looked aghast, for she knew what she had to expect when her liege master was in wrath.

"Never mind," she said, "they'll have to come to it, when they see they can't get him without."

"So they will! So they shall, by ——, if I have to keep the boy a year. I know what he's worth—I do—to parents that have got a most a million! I can wait, if they can."

These things, of course, were not said in the hearing of the little prisoner, whom, with the exception of occasional outbursts of passion, Grume had treated with a show of kindness. Herbert, indeed, was made to believe that he was a lost child, that Bridget had deserted him, and that his present custodian did not know where his parents lived, but would take him home as soon as he could learn the way.

This deception Grume kept up in order better to make sure of the expected reward, for the boy was old enough to tell tales which might defeat his captor's hopes if not thus hoodwinked.

This state of things operated favorably for the child, not only by saving him from harsher treatment, but by keeping alive a cheering flame of hope in his heart.

But Tom had made no calculations upon having the lad long upon his hands, and he was too adroit to run any unnecessary risks. To be found by the police with the boy in his possession might subject him to the punishment of a felon. He could not live constantly behind bolts and bars, and such a course would of itself awaken suspicion and invite investigation.

He had, he believed, got rid of Bridget; the next thing was to rid himself of the boy, and yet have him under his control.

A little search enabled him to find a very suitable person to take this dangerous charge off his hands.

Among the subterranean tenants of the block in which he lived was a miserable woman, a daily street mendicant, whose residence was a small cellar which she hired with a part of the pittance she received in alms. She had no husband, and but one child; and, moreover, she was German, speaking with difficulty a few words of English, and understanding but a little more.

With her Grume made an arrangement to take charge of the boy for a few days, for he was still sanguine that a short time would bring about the fruition of his golden wishes.

Tom's purse was yet by no means entirely collapsed; he had many modes of raising the wind in a small way, and he was able, without difficulty, to pay the few shillings which admitted Herbert to the hospitalities of the beggar woman. He even bargained with her that she was to remain at home a day or two with the child, but that, at all events, she was to prevent his emerging to the light of upper day.

Herbert's introduction into these cimmerian quarters was effected in the evening, when he was asleep, but he had scarcely touched the hard bed upon which they laid him, before he was fully awakened. His alarm was very great, and the woman's attempt to soothe him with kind though unintelligible words only increased his fright.

Seeing this result she left him, and sent to him her daughter, a dirty, half naked child of about five years, who had a decided advantage over its parent in knowledge of the English language. Herbert stopped crying out of sheer wonder when he saw this little girl, and the two gazed at each other for a long time without other advances towards forming an acquaintance.

Bare-footed—bare-legged—with long, thick, uncombed hair hanging in masses over her begrimed face—hair which she was compelled momentarily to thrust away from before her eyes, the beggar girl was such an object as Herbert had rarely seen, and never with a chance for so close inspection.

"What's your name?" he asked, faintly, after a long while.

"Nanny."

There was another long silence, and a mutual sucking of fingers, when Herbert said:

"What's *her* name?"

"Nanny."

"Is she your mother?"

An affirmative nod.

"Where's your father?"

"What?"

"Your father?"

A shake of the head told that the child did not understand the meaning of the question.

Nanny in turn became the questioner, in tolerable English, and Herbert told her his name, and to the question where he lived, he said, plaintively that it was a great way off, and he was lost now; but "Tom" had found him and was going to take him home as soon as he could find the way.

The little girl seemed to comprehend him, and they played together till Herbert, for the first time since his abduction, laughed, and with childhood's happy forgetfulness, grew decidedly merry.

A playmate of any kind was a treasure to one who had lived so much alone; and the beggar's squalid daughter in this den of filth, gave him more delight than he had usually found (in Evelyn's absence) in the grand and solitary rooms of his mother.

A game of romps enabled him to sleep even on a hard and scantily covered bed, and when a little dim daylight, which had been reflected and re-reflected at various angles since it left the blue sky, found its way into that dreary abode, they said it was morning and he must get up. He could see his new home then indistinctly—yet more plainly than by the penny candle of the previous evening.

It was a veritable cellar, with some loose boards laid for a flooring, at one end, and on these stood a small stove, the pipe of which found the outer air through a window consisting of only one row of panes.

Narrow as was this ingress for light it was all that circumstances admitted of, for the top of the apartment was only about ten inches above the level of the outer earth.

When the children arose, Nanny, the elder, was busying herself in getting breakfast; her table being the lid of a chest, from the interior of which she took a few earthen dishes and the means for her repast. Some hard, dry slices of bread—some bits of meat—a fragment of pie edged with green mould, part of the proceeds of the preceding day's begging, formed their meal; yet the woman had her cup of cheap tea, weakened, indeed, to nearly a colorless state, but not without its soothing and cheering influence upon her sad heart.

Herbert showed some signs of daintiness at first, but impelled by hunger, and encouraged by the example of little Nanny, he managed notwithstanding a frequent feeling of loathing, to make a tolerable breakfast.

"What do you eat in the cellar for?" he asked of the pauper child.

"Cause it's too cold to eat out doors," said little Nanny.

"Why don't you have a table?"

"*That's* a table!" replied the girl, pointing to the chest. "Sally Wane's mother hasn't got no table though; they eat out of their laps; *they're* poor folks."

"Are you poor folks?"

"I don't know; I guess so."

The mother looked from one to the other of the children, trying to catch the meaning of the words, and little Nanny after her last doubting reply to Herbert, addressed a few words to her parent in German, and when she had received a brief reply, accompanied by a sigh, she added with a sense of certainty.

"Yes—we are; we're poor folks."

"I guess Tom will come for me to day, and take me home," Herbert said. "Then I'll take you along, and give you all my money. He must have found the way by this time. Let's go out doors and play till he comes."

He was greatly disappointed to learn that he was interdicted from the upper world; yet the children soon found sources of amusement, aided by a kitten which little Nanny contrived to keep despite the general destitution. Herbert had his crying spells, as he thought of dear Evelyn and Aunt Ally, but believing he should soon be taken back to them, he would cheer up again and resume his sports.

Tom came in the evening; but the boy who had founded so many hopes on his arrival did not dare to speak to him, when he came, and there was no word of encouragement for him. The man had only called to see that all was safe, but the woman informed him in mingled German and broken English, that she could not stay at home another day; and she would have to leave the child alone.

"Can't you leave *her* with him?" he said, pointing to the girl.

The woman understood the gesture if not the words.

"Nein—nein!" she replied, with upraised hands, "de chilt gets mose more dan I."

"Well—well leave him then, blast it all. I don't care. See that he's locked up safe, that's all," said Grume, turning an imaginary key.

"Yah—yah—I sal lock te key up—yah!"

"Nobody can hear him if he cries," said Tom as he went off, "it's an empty store room, overhead."

Herbert fortunately did not understand this conversation, and was spared the pain of anticipating his morrow's fate.

When the time came and he saw that his wretched companions were making preparations to go out without him, he begged piteously to be taken with them; but the inexorable "nein! nein!" which he had learned to understand, met all his entreaties.

Even the kitten, Nanny caught and shut up in an old covered basket, which she hung up on a hook. and when Herbert asked the reason, she said:

"*They'll* get him."

They! who could she mean? But ere he could ask, a pair of glittering eyes looked out from the broken wall, watching the well known movements for a departure, which daily left the silent cellar to its quadrupedal explorers.

The rats! The nimble, sleek-coated, sharp-nosed race—cunning, shrewd, and courageous! They were ready to *bivouac* upon the celler floor, and awaited only their sentinel's signal that the coast was clear.

Herbert cried more piteously when he saw them, and clung in terror to old Nanny's dress; but Nanny laughed, and said: "Bosh! Nonshins! Do so: tey all runs!" stamping with her foot as she spoke.

They went, and left him alone with the wild animals: such they were to him; and they seemed to know his weakness and his fears.

One after another their long, pointed noses protruded from the walls, their sharp eyes watched his movements, and though they darted back at first at the shouts which in his fright he uttered, they soon became used to these and grew bolder.

They came singly at first, and then in pairs; they glided in from every side of the room, silent but swift, darting about with their sinuous, eel-like motion, foraging for the scant crumbs on the beggar's floor. The horror-stricken boy stamped and shouted at them as he had been taught, and they ran, but only to the mouths of their holes, where, with a retreat secured, they looked curiously back at him, and whence most of them returned to the charge.

Growing momentarily more alarmed, the child seized a stick of firewood, and climbed upon the chest which had served for a breakfast table, and which still contained the remains of their repast. It was an unfortunate place of retreat, for, attracted by the odor of the viands within, the enemy surrounded it in hordes, smelling at its base, and rising almost erect beside it, to spy out a cranny for entrance to the treasures within. The besieged boy fully believed that he was the object of which the carniverous tribe were in pursuit, and losing the courage to battle them, he leaped from the box, and ran to a remote and dark corner of the room, nearest to the stairway door. Contrary to his expectations, he was not pursued, and here he cowered in silence lest he should betray his hiding-place to the horrible foe.

He watched the door almost ceaselessly, with the faint hope that some one would come, and then he thought perhaps it was not locked, and he might get out. True, Nanny had said she would lock it, but perhaps she had not. It was a faint hope, but he resolved to try. The stairway was enclosed, and there was a door both at the top and bottom. But it was the lower one, of course, which was to be the subject of his experiment, for he did not know there was another. The latch was too high for his reach, but he had his *bâton* which he had taken for a weapon. With this he raised the latch, as silently as possible, and placed his little, chilled fingers in the crevice, watching meanwhile his quadrupedal foes with the fear that they would discover and thwart his design.

To his unspeakable relief the door slightly moved, and eagerly seizing its edge he pulled it open. With no other thought than that of escape from the rats, he sprang eagerly up a few steps, and closed the door tightly behind him, stopping to see that there was no cranny through which they could follow. When he became assured of this, his delight was unbounded, and although, on feeling his way to the top of the stairs, he found there another door, which was locked, he was contented and happy in his little, dark prison.

They could not follow him. He sat down on the top step, and after long listening to, and wondering at the noises of the outer world, he fell asleep.

There they found him—the mendicant woman and her daughter, when about the middle of the afternoon they returned from their day's tour; and even old Nanny's eyes, which had seen so much of misery, wept at the sight.

She understood the whole story at a glance, and she took the boy tenderly in her arms, and carried him down, with many soothing and gentle words.

CHAPTER X.

Herbert told his pitiful tale to little Nanny, who explained it to her mother, but laughed herself at the idea of being frightened by rats. She had been so long accustomed to these visitors, she could not comprehend how a boy a year older than herself should have such fears.

Herbert himself, cheered once more by human companionship, and refreshed by food, half forgot his alarm, and grew valiant in vaunts of what he would now do to his four-footed enemies, if they should dare to again make their appearance. But the shadow of the coming morrow soon fell on his spirit, and he tried most earnestly to secure a promise that he should not again be left alone.

Old Nanny would not concede quite so much, but she said they would all set to work in the morning and fill up the holes in the wall, and she also promised to leave the lower door open, to admit of an easy retreat in case of extremity.

While they talked, Herbert, whose eyes had wandered towards the door, saw what he supposed at first to be a large bundle of clothes done up for the wash coming down the stairs, as if propelled from behind, but wedged fast in the narrow passage. Before he could point it out, however, a voice issued from the mass, and he saw that it was a fat woman, clad in ragged and dirty garments, who was with difficulty forcing her way through the doorway.

Nanny no sooner saw her than she recognized her as a friend in her own line of business, but one far more prosperous than herself, as her ample rotundity of person indicated. She ran to assist her out of the straits in which she was well nigh stranded, and a voluble outburst on both sides showed that the visitor was a fellow-countrywoman of Nanny, and that there was a very friendly feeling between them.

Mrs. Schiffle was in a higher walk than her friend: for she never went around to basement doors, begging for victuals. She enjoyed a sort of prescriptive right to several very good seats in Broadway, and in one or two other streets, which she occupied by turns for a few weeks at a time, changing her place when there were indications that passers had become accustomed to her lachrymose face and her sad surroundings.

But Mrs. Schiffle was merry now: her day's work was over, and she was on her way home, and had stopped in to rest and have a little gossip with her crony, to whom she was in a small way a patron, and who was always very glad to see her.

As the visitor was in her professional garb, she was dressed very thin for the season: her frock was ragged; her old, faded shawl was more ragged still; her coarse, straw bonnet was fastened under her double chin with twine, and her widely gaping shoes revealed at least half of her stockingless toes.

Herbert naturally receded as far as circumstances would permit from such an object; but when she caught sight of the lad, she at once manifested the most lively interest in him, and poured forth question after question in regard to him, until she had quickly learned the little which Nanny knew about his history.

Then she tried to coax the boy to her, but she had no blandishments equal to the task; he only retreated farther, and screamed when, rising, she tried to approach him.

Abandoning the attempt, she told Nanny she would come around again in the evening; she did not wonder, she said, that the boy was frightened now, and she laughed chucklingly as she looked over her scarecrow garments.

The cronies talked long together in their own language, looking frequently at the boy, who seemed to be the sole topic of their conversation.

Whatever else had been the object of Mrs. Schiffle's visit, she quite lost sight of it, and after another vain attempt to propitiate Herbert, she went off, laughing loudly, and saying she would come back in the evening.

"She wants *you*," said little Nanny, who had partly understood the conversation of the woman. "She is coming this evening to get you."

The boy turned very pale, and trembled with inexpressible terror at the threat of this new evil; he seemed unable to speak, but when he could do so, he ran to Nanny the elder, and screaming begged that she would not let him be taken away. When the woman was made to understand the cause of his distress, she soothed him as best she could, and said that he should not go unless Tom said so. She must do as Tom said.

But when Mrs. Schiffle came in the evening, Herbert's fears were very greatly mollified. Instead of the mass of rags and filth which he had seen on her first visit, he now beheld a very tidy, jolly-looking woman, respectably dressed throughout, and having her feet encased in particularly neat shoes and stockings.

Her efforts to make his acquaintance this time were attended with better success, especially as she had brought some nuts and candy both for him and little Nanny. Herbert's feelings indeed soon underwent an entire change, and he began to think he would be very glad to go with the strange woman rather than pass another lonely day in that dreadful cellar. He even began to fear now that she would not take him.

Grume, who lived near by, looked in during the evening, but in no amiable mood, for his hopes of a profitable termination to his scheme of villainy were undergoing a daily diminution. He knew Mrs. Schiffle very well by sight, and he recognized her at once, although he had never seen her before except in her mendicant garb.

Nanny introduced them, in her way, and as her friend could talk very intelligible English, she and Tom were soon engaged in an animated conversation about the boy.

Part of their colloquy was in a low voice, but after much negotiation they made a bargain in relation to the helpless little prisoner which seemed to be highly satisfactory to both parties.

The Schiffle was to take him forthwith; she was to keep him in doors for a specified number of days, and if within that time Grume, who claimed to be his uncle, did not reclaim him, she was to have the services of the boy, in any way she chose, for a small weekly stipend.

What that way would be Tom knew well enough: he would be clad in beggar's clothes, his beautiful hair would be clipped, his face embrowned with dirt, and he would accompany his pretended mother, barefoot, over frozen ground, to excite compassion and ensure a bountiful alms-giving from the tender-hearted. There would be little fear of his being seen, and still less of his being recognized by any one who had ever known him before.

All these things fell to the lot of little Herbert Harlow, but happily for no long period. His first exposure resulted in an illness so severe that his life was evidently in danger; and Grume, a little frightened, perhaps a little melted at the sight of the suffering he had occasioned, advised Mrs. Schiffle to try to procure his admission in a city hospital. This was easily done; and here his helplessness, his sweet face, and plaintive voice, secured him the utmost sympathy, and the kindest possible treatment, from both physician and nurse.

He recovered very slowly; but the fever phantoms which had visited his bedside during his illness, had so disturbed his mind, that his memory was greatly impaired, and he found it difficult to separate the real from the ideal in his confused recollections.

Doctor Weldover, to whose charge he had fallen, was a widower, with a large organ of philo-progenitiveness, and no children. He became so strongly attached to Herbert, without suspecting it, that when the boy was nearly well, he found himself making his daily hospital rounds with a sort of uneasiness lest he should be obliged officially to pronounce him cured, and to dismiss him from the institution.

The Schiffle had been after him twice or thrice in full gutter dress. She was his aunt now, and his uncle was very anxious to have him home again. Grume did not dare to come himself lest Herbert might have made disclosures, but the German woman knew nothing of the child's true history, and had no fears.

Doctor Weldover entertained no suspicions: the boy was wretched and ragged enough when he came to the hospital fully to establish the affinity claimed for him, but it was with great reluctance that the kind man thought of giving up his pet into the hands of such an ogress.

Herbert did not know enough to tell his story and claim protection; he scarcely knew by this time what his story was, so many strange scenes had he passed through, and so many still stranger had he imagined. He did not know who were his friends. Mrs. Schiffle and Tom professed to be so, and he supposed they were, and that Tom was still looking for his lost home.

The name—his step-father's name—Sitterly, had faded from his mind; he had not often heard it during the few years his mother had borne it; and with it had gone the number and the "*Place*" (a many-syllabled aristocratic word, difficult for childhood at best to utter) of his late residence.

His own name, "Herbert Harlow," he remembered, and that of Evvy and Aunt Ally, both of which were often on his lips.

His assumed aunt had given his true Christian name at the hospital, in connection with the patronymic of Grume, and by this appellation he was known on the books of the institution.

On those books the kind medical man at last found it his duty to permit to be written opposite his late patient's name the words, "discharged cured."

"We must let him go to-day, Mrs. Hoddel," he said, with a sigh; "that fat, foul woman will come for him, I suppose, and take him back to her kennel."

"Why don't you adopt him, doctor—he's a sweet, gentle boy—and I dare say they would give him to you for a trifle; perhaps for nothing."

"Very probable. I have thought of that very thing, and talked it over with my sister, and we have concluded——"

"What—Doctor Weldover?"

"That it won't do—that it won't do," he repeated slowly; "we're afraid of the blood, Mrs. Hoddel."

"Afraid of the blood?"

"Yes, ma'am. He's all very gentle and quiet now; sickness works great changes; but that boy, ma'am," and he sank his voice to a whisper that it might not reach him, "that boy has probably been brought up to lie and steal from his first lisping, ma'am."

Mrs. Hoddel sighed.

The doctor looked around at the lad, who stood watching them from the opposite side of the room, and wondering whether they were going to send him away.

"For all that," he continued, "we might take him if he had no relations living; but to have such people running after him as this woman and a man, probably a great deal worse, claiming him, or levying a perpetual black mail upon us; it won't do, Mrs. Hoddel; don't you *see* it won't do?"

The doctor wiped his dimmed spectacles, and looked anxiously into the face of the nurse, as if he could not feel quite at rest without her approval of his course.

"But if you bought him of them, doctor?"

"There is no such thing, madam; the child cannot be sold; and these people, as his nearest relations and natural guardians, would always have a right to reclaim him—always."

"Well, I don't see, then——"

"Nor I don't see, Mrs. Hoddel. I wish I did; I wish I did. There is something about that boy—very—attractive, ma'am; very refined, I may say."

"Then he is *so* pretty."

"He is more—he is beautiful—all over. His limbs are delicate and well shaped; his movements are graceful. He is so gentle and quiet, and submissive, too. Strange! Strange!"

"I cannot bear to see him put on those old rags again that he came here in. The charm will be gone then."

"Not quite. But that reminds me of what I meant to do; for I must do something for him. Here is some money to give his aunt to buy him warm clothes and shoes."

While they talked, some new thoughts were passing through the puzzled brain of the child. He wondered whether the doctor might not know something about his lost home, and whether he could not help the indefatigable "Tom" to hunt it up, and he tried to get up courage to ask him. It was for this he was watching the colloquists so closely; but while he thought about it, and while they were yet talking of him, some one came to say that his aunt Schiffle had come for him, and he must hurry and get ready to go home.

Home!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

AN OLD TUNE.

How often, while wending our way through the difficult, soul-harrowing passages of this transitory life, we are assailed by the music of an old tune, awakening instantly within our inner life sweet, though often painful remembrances of the past. Strange that an old tune should thus affect the bosom of humanity. But true it is, that the outward and visible world is so inseparably connected with the inward and invisible portion of our nature. For we often find, "though slight withal the thing may be" touching a particular chord within, the merest trifle, such as an old tune, a look, a word, a tone of voice, often carries us back to past times, may be our childhood's days, those sweet days of hope, faith and love. Oh! how will an old tune bring forth to our view that golden period of our existence! How distinctly we behold in our imagination some familiar spot where we have often met, and parted from, those we loved! How visibly we catch the smile of a long-lost but well-remembered and much-loved friend! How audibly we hear the voice of tender love and kindly admonition! these and a thousand other by-gone scenes and associations are portrayed to the mind's eye at the vibrations of an old tune. Ay, and with what determined tenacity the soul clings to and revels amid the realities of the past. The past—"dark as Erebus" must that soul be which has not some fire kindled within it at the sound of "the past;" callous must be the heart that is not filled with emotions of joy or regret at the mention of so magic a sentence as the past. Dried up indeed must be the rivulets of that humanity whose flood-gates will not send forth a glittering stream at the remembrance of the past, produced by the soul-awaking echoes of an old tune!

A HOLY PLACE IS THE HEARTH-STONE.

BY C. D. STUART.

A holy place is the Hearth-stone,
Where loved ones are gathered 'round,
Where mothers, sires and sisters dear,
And brothers and friends are found:
A holy place is the Hearth-stone—
Home's innermost shrine is there—
Laden with blessed benizon,
And hallowed by loving prayer.

A holy place is the Hearth-stone,
What clustering joys abide,
Where the cradle of our infancy
Was rocked by a mother's side;
A holy place is the Hearth-stone,
Where Childhood's pattering feet
Go glancing in shade and sunshine,
To the music of Pleasure's beat.

A holy place is the Hearth-stone,
Where the Youth have wooed and won,
And wed and gone to the battle
Of Life, with full armor on.
A holy place is the Hearth-stone,
Where Manhood has settled down
With blessings blossoming 'round him,
And Love for a priceless crown.

A holy place is the Hearth-stone,
Whence the old and young have gone
To rest from their weary labor,
When the battle of Life was done:
And oh, from the holy Hearth-stone,
When parted from those we love,
May we go to meet by the Hearth-stone
Of "Our Father's" house above.

◆

THE MUTE SINGER.

BY ANNA CORA RITCHIE.

CHAPTER XVI.

LUMINOUS LINING OF THE CLOUD.

Honorine's impetuous spirit could not brook delay where her affections were concerned. She admitted that it would be more proper to allow a few days to elapse that her friend might become familiar with her new residence, before she sought her there; but, at the same time, declared her intention of visiting Sylvie the very next morning after she took possession of her apartments in the Rue d'Angoûleme.

The objections and representations of Madame de la Tour were unceremoniously set aside by this child of impulse. She listened to her aunt with the patience that good breeding demanded, but when she concluded, abruptly turned to her brother and said:

"I will be ready at two o'clock. Will you not accompany me, Stanislas? If not, I will take Claudine."

Claudine was a trustworthy *femme de chambre*, who had been Honorine's nurse during her childhood, and was now promoted to the higher office of lady's maid.

The Marquis hesitated, reluctant to refuse, though unwilling to consent; but finally yielded, under protest, to the tiny tyrant's despotic will.

Sylvie was at her father's bedside when the cards of her visiters were received. This was fortunate, for it gave her ample time to compose herself before entering the drawing-room. Indeed her mien was so tranquil and self-possessed, that Honorine, as she embraced her again and again, with hearty warmth, chided her for coldness. Yet Sylvie returned the greeting of Mademoiselle de St. Amar, as though unaware of any other presence. When, at last, she saluted the Marquis, who stood silently by, it was without extending her hand, or lifting her eyes.

"This apartment is charming," said Honorine, glancing approvingly around the room. "Now I may come and see you often, may I not? How cruel you have been to forsake me for so long! You owe me an explanation before you have the right to forgiveness. Come, confess! Tell me what prompted you to behave so strangely."

Sylvie raised her downcast eyes beseechingly and Honorine could not resist their mute pleading.

"I will not ask you, then," she responded, generously. "I cannot abide mysteries, but I will tolerate *this* if you will promise that our friendship shall not again suffer interruption. Come, promise!"

Sylvie hesitated, evidently troubled and uncertain; then she wrote upon her tablets, "who can answer for the future?"

"Will you not promise to receive my visits?" asked Honorine, in wounded accents.

What could Sylvie answer? Could she cast aside friendship so warmly tendered? Could she trample under foot affection so pure and disinterested?

She wrote: "I must ever be grateful for your visits, and receive them thankfully."

"*Receive me*, that is all I ask," replied Honorine, with returning vivacity. "Remember our compact, and I will trouble you with no more questions."

The young girls seated themselves upon a *causeuse*, drawn close to the fire, for it was a bright, cold day in February.

The Marquis, who with painful anxiety had awaited Sylvie's reply to his sister's inquiry, now wandered restlessly about the room. After awhile, he paused before the *jardiniere*, and examined its luxuriant bloom, to see if his orders were faithfully executed, and symmetry of outline, and blending harmony of coloring, had been preserved in the disposition of the plants.

When Sylvie's delighted eyes first rested upon that bed of odorous blossoms, the miniature fountain in the centre was sending up sparkling jets, that scattered a dewy spray upon the surrounding leaves; but in something less than an hour it had ceased playing, to her great regret.

The Marquis had learned at what time she was expected, and had taken care to have the fountain set in motion before she entered her new home. He now, unreflectingly, touched a spring that acted upon the hydraulic machinery, then, suddenly fearing that he had betrayed his secret, walked away with ill-assumed *nonchalance*.

The silvery sound of the falling drops struck on Sylvie's quick ears; she turned suddenly—for the first time that day her eyes met those of the Marquis. One conscious, transient look told all she had divined, yet scarcely dared to believe! The finely-toned piano—the richly-stored bookcase—the marble St. Cecilia—the rare plants—all that ministered to her tastes—all that Maitre Beaujeu had declared he had not seen when he had engaged the apartments, had been supplied by a guardian hand, the invisible influence she had felt, even when she denied, to herself, its agency. Yet why should that hand plant flowers in her path—open volumes for the cultivation of her mind—place statues to charm her eyes—or send music to aid her voice and gladden her home? Ah! why indeed?

Honorine was puzzled by the paling of Sylvie's cheek, the increased rapidity of her breathing, and the tightening pressure of the hand that she (Honorine) chanced to hold. The Marquis had not uttered a single word, and so pointedly kept aloof, that his sister, when she saw the direction of Sylvie's glance, fancied that their young hostess might be hurt by his singular and inexplicable conduct.

"Brother, why do you not come and talk to us? How dull and tiresome you are this morning."

"That implies that I am sometimes otherwise, thanks for the admission!" replied the Marquis, with a faint attempt at gaiety.

"You are not half so agreeable of late as you used to be!" answered Honorine, pettishly. "You have not seemed like yourself for some weeks, and you don't appear to take interest in anything that interests me."

"Perhaps, then, you can dispense with the wet-blanket of my society for a little while? I have an engagement, and if you purpose to prolong your visit to Mademoiselle de la Roche, I will leave you, and call in half an hour. May I?"

"Of course you may. You are so stupid and fidgetty that we certainly do not want you. Do we, Mademoiselle Sylvie? Has he not your leave to depart?"

Sylvie bowed.

Too promptly to be suspected of the compliment of a passing regret—at least so the Marquis thought, as he left the room.

The half hour doubled itself before he returned. He found an addition to the party, which the young ladies would probably have pronounced an agreeable one. A gentleman was talking to them, in an animated strain; they were laughing merrily at some anecdote which he was recounting with captivating fluency and spirit.

The nobleman at once recognized the young gentleman whom he had seen with Sylvie when she left the Salle St. Cecile a few evenings previous.

No introduction took place—etiquette required none.

"Come, Honorine," said the Marquis to his sister, without taking a seat, "I have only time to escort you home."

"How soon you have returned!" replied Honorine, poutingly, but rising as she spoke. "Adieu, Mademoiselle Sylvie; I am coming to see you again very soon;—to-morrow, if you will let me."

Sylvie needed no language to express her glad consent.

To the Marquis she merely courtesied with the same graceful coldness as before.

As he was quitting the apartment, he turned, almost without being aware of what he was doing, and rapidly scrutinized the gentleman with whom he left her alone.

"You seem to have been very much entertained by Mademoiselle Sylvie's visiter," he remarked to his sister, on their way home.

"Yes—he is a most delightful person; he relates charming anecdotes, and in quite a dramatic style," she replied. "Dr. Souvestre is his name. Mademoiselle Sylvie tells me that he attended her during her long illness, and is now the physician of her father."

"Rather a juvenile doctor," replied her brother, drily, "and not greatly occupied with his patients, since he has leisure for the amusement of two young ladies at this hour of the day."

"Oh, Mademoiselle Sylvie says that he always remains and talks to her after visiting her father, and I am sure she must be glad to listen to such an agreeable person, and one who was so kind and attentive when she was ill. She must lead such a solitary life!"

The Marquis bit his lips and looked thoughtful and troubled. His sister prattled on without waiting for replies or heeding his taciturnity.

The next morning he left the house before she appeared at the breakfast table. Honorine expressed a hope that he would return soon after noon.

"Where do you wish him to take you?" asked Madame de la Tour, graciously.

"To see Mademoiselle Sylvie, of course," answered Honorine, with a rebellious air. "We have not met for so long, that I intend to bore her with visits as a punishment for her staying away from me. If my brother does not return in time, I mean to take Claudine with me."

"That will not be necessary," replied the diplomatic aunt. "I will accompany you myself."

"You?" exclaimed Honorine, in astonishment.

"Yes, *I!* Is it very wonderful that I should think it proper to go where my niece chooses to go? The sanction of my presence is needed for her to escape remark, perhaps censure."

Madame de la Tour had a double object in view. In the first place, if *she* accompanied Honorine, there was no need of her brother's presence; in the second, she trusted that during this visit her quick perception might enable her to gather material for a fresh plot, through which she might possibly work out a new and more lasting breach.

She was not disappointed in her calculations. Dr. Souvestre had just visited his patient, and was sitting in the drawing-room with Sylvie, when Madame de la Tour and Mademoiselle de St. Amar were announced.

Sylvie was not in the least aware of Madame de la Tour's sentiments of animosity, and did not disguise that she was complimented by her visit.

The lively sallies of Souvestre broke pleasantly through the formality which the presence of Honorine's aunt gave to the conversation, and Sylvie smiled gratefully upon him, never dreaming that her look of approval might be misconstrued by him, or any one present.

Madame de la Tour did not need to suspect that this handsome and polished young man was Sylvie's admirer; it was enough for that ready-witted lady that she had seen him, and could report that he was a lover, it mattered not with how little foundation. She had stored up the desired *material* for her *finesse* to work upon, and her internal satisfaction made her particularly condescending to Sylvie.

Mademoiselle de St. Amar was, at once, delighted and deceived; and when, as they were returning home, her aunt not only listened to, but echoed, the praises bestowed upon the young singer, Honorine reproached herself for ever having imagined it possible that Madame de la Tour could have taken any part in producing the late estrangement.

When Honorine met her brother at dinner, and very naturally commenced talking to him of Sylvie, she was surprised to find that he was already aware of the recently paid visit. He had received "*a full and graphic account*," he answered, somewhat sarcastically, from their aunt. He did not add that she had confidently described Dr. Souvestre as Sylvie's favored lover, and had thus confirmed his own suspicions—or rather his jealous fears, for he had scarcely ground to build actual suspicions upon.

Monsieur de la Roche had visibly improved since he had exchanged the close atmosphere of the Rue St. Denis for the purer air of the Rue d'Angoûleme. On the fourth morning after his removal he opened his eyes, and gazing around the elegant apartment in which he lay, thought himself in a delicious dream.

He beheld his wife at the foot of the bed, and at once noted the change in her whole appearance. She wore a neat, black silk dress, and a most becoming cap. She was no longer bending double to ply her needle, but held in her hand an open book, which she appeared to be perusing with interest. He had not seen her look so young and comely for many years.

While he was gazing in dreamy wonder, the sound of a piano fell upon his ears, accompanied by a melodious voice. Surely that deep, resounding contralto was Sylvie's voice!—that voice which he had believed hushed in silence forever! It touched a chord that started a train of memory. He recalled the hour when he last heard those mellifluous tones—remembered his accident, and the sudden and marvellous restoration of his daughter's vocal powers which ensued—but, what had followed? Where was he?

"Marguerite," he said, feebly.

His wife dropped her book, and started to her feet.

"Marguerite!" he repeated, with more energy, "is that really you? And is that our Sylvie's voice? Have the dark clouds that shadowed our lives turned out their silver lining at last?"

"The clouds have gone!" returned Madame de la Roche, with a burst of grateful emotion. "You know me—you are yourself again—you will recover—there is no cloud now! God be thanked!"

"Have I been ill, then? and for a long time?"

His wife, as soon as she could sufficiently command herself, related all the events that had transpired since his accident and during his period of unconsciousness.

He was so much overcome by the narrative, that he could only gasp out—

"It is real, then? No card-house building, as Maitre Beaujeu called it, the walls will not crumble around me? And that patient, toiling, heaven-blessed child is the sun that gave their luminous lining to our clouds!"

Mathieu, who was always in attendance, had been a silent witness of this scene. Unprompted, he hastened to summon Sylvie.

Who could attempt to describe the depth and intensity of her joy when her father's arms were once more about her neck, and, coupling her name with tenderest epithets, he poured forth his thankfulness and love?

She could not be induced to leave his side that day—not even to receive the visit of Honorine, who came, accompanied only by her *femme de chambre*. Madame de la Roche usually shrank from strangers, but, in this instance, she readily complied with her daughter's request, and presented herself to Mademoiselle de St. Amar, to apologize for Sylvie's absence, and communicate its happy cause. If Madame de la Roche had experienced any timidity, it would have been rapidly dispelled by the ready sympathy with her joy which Honorine evinced, by her ingenuous praises of Sylvie, and by the affectionate manner in which she dwelt upon the brilliant career that apparently awaited the songstress. When the gratified mother returned to her husband's apartment, her face was almost as radiant as that of her daughter.

The invalid, as he looked upon his wife's beaming countenance, could not help saying, "you believe in *good luck*, at last, eh, Marguerite?"

"Do not remind me how unthoughtful and undeserving I have been!" she answered in accents of self reproach. "Sylvie has taught me to *trust*, and the lesson will never be unlearned, come what may!"

When Honorine, the ever devoted, paid her daily visit on the morrow, she was accompanied by her brother. Though Sylvie's greeting of the former was unusually animated, her deportment towards the latter was as reserved and constrained as ever.

The Marquis congratulated her upon her father's convalescence, and asked if he might be permitted to see him. These were the first words he had addressed to her since the happy day when they last walked in Honorine's conservatory together,—the day that preceded so many weeks of sad separation.

Sylvie looked surprised, but pleased, at the request, and retired to apprize her father. In a few moments she re-appeared with her mother, who begged the Marquis to have the goodness to accompany her to the chamber of her husband, as he was unable to leave his bed.

Monsieur de la Roche was so completely bewildered by this unexpected visit that he could not recover himself sufficiently to be led into any extravagance by his elation. The Marquis took a seat beside him, and, after a few courteous inquiries, hoped that he would shortly be restored to complete health, adding that a friend of his wanted a secretary, and he had taken the liberty of recommending Monsieur de la Roche. The position, he went on to say, was a confidential one; and, independent of a liberal salary, his associations would be of a kind that a man of education and refinement must find agreeable.

It was well that Monsieur de la Roche had been so completely subdued by illness; well that he was almost speechless from surprise; for the few words of thanks and acceptance he was alone able to utter made a highly favorable impression on the Marquis. None of the enthusiast's olden bombast, none of his florid exaggeration of sentiment found vent, and his rampant egotism was completely laid at rest.

The Marquis arrived at the conclusion that Maitre Beaujeu, from whom he had learned many particulars concering Sylvie's father, had done that individual singular injustice.

The nobleman, when he returned to the drawing-room, where his sister and Sylvie were sitting in loving proximity, did not make known the object of his visit to the invalid. Thanks would have been painful to him, and he considered that none were due.

In serving Sylvie, though he believed her heart bestowed upon another, he took as much delight as though that precious gift were his own. Love, that deserves the name, is ever purely disinterested; it seeks the well-being of the object beloved, without craving after gratitude, without asking the compensation of returned affection—without the remotest reference to self! It would have given infinite joy to a nature as large and liberal as the Marquis possessed, to watch over Sylvie from the distance, to shower good gifts upon her with an invisible hand, to smooth her path of life, and guide her steps unseen—to secure her happiness at any sacrifice, even that of yielding her to one whom she loved better.

The health of Monsieur de la Roche now rapidly improved. A revolution had taken place in his character as remarkable as the change in the mental organization of his wife. His tendency to indulge in visionary projects remained, but it was kept in check by a promised reality which would require prudence and energy. Through the force of habit, Madame de la Roche's anxious fears and gloomy anticipations were now and then re-wakened, but they were quickly banished by the remembrance of the joyful certainty with which she had been blessed.

Let it not be supposed that Sylvie, because she appeared to be free from the striking faults of her parents, was absolved from the sequences of the great law of inheritance. That these failings must be hereditarily transmitted to her was inevitable; but, as we have said before, the tendencies derived from her sanguine father were counterbalanced by the precisely opposite qualities inherited from her melancholy mother. Then, again, the unhappy results of the too palpable shortcomings of both acted as a warning. Besides this, Sylvie possessed remarkable strength and individuality of character. She could not copy any one—even a parent. Her actions were never the mere, thoughtless reflex of the actions of others. She could not forego the right of election, and complacently walk in the path others had trodden, and take it for granted that it must be the best, because it was beaten by their familiar feet. She must examine, judge, determine—avoid or accept for herself. A sense of responsibility, early implanted by what we vaguely call "circumstance," imparted this self-reliance, and gave to her character its almost severe uprightness, its striking force and dignity.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MOB AND THE SINGER.

The plans of the enterprising Monsieur Le Grand, who built high hopes upon the powerful attraction of the new vocalist, and looked forward to a brilliant musical season, were unexpectedly frustrated.

The revolutionary spirit, which for a long period had agitated the murmuring masses in Paris, and given forth, at intervals, a sound like low mutterings of distant thunder, before the storm breaks forth in fury, now began to assume a distinct voice, and take a definite and menacing shape. The month of February, 1848, was advancing, and rapidly ripening those portentous events which, culminating, burst into action on the twenty-fourth, and led to that fierce struggle when France went mad with the fantasy that she could become a permanent republic, without possessing the first fundamental elements of republicanism.

Monsieur Le Grand, though not wanting in patriotic feeling, loved his art, and the accumulation of gain by its successful administration, far better than politics. Whether France remained a monarchy or proved herself capable of becoming a republic, was a matter of secondary importance to him, so long as music stirred the hearts of the million, and concert rooms were crowded. But after the inauspicious twenty-fourth of February, when Louis Philippe trembled upon the throne from which he was shortly after ignominiously driven, never to reascend, trade was at a stand-still—shops were closed—places of public amusement almost deserted.

Occasional brief lulls of the popular excitement did not deceive Monsieur Le Grand; his prophetic spirit warned him that the struggle would be of protracted duration, and keep the public mind unattuned to harmony for months to come. The judicious leader wisely turned his face towards other, less distracted lands, and resolved upon an immediate tour through Great Britain. His musical *corps* was ordered to hasten all necessary preparations, and apprized that he expected to depart in a few days.

As we have already stated, Maitre Beaujeu was a regular member of Monsieur Le Grand's company; he would not, therefore, be separated from his beloved pupil. Although he was nominally, and actually, her guardian, it was indispensable to her comfort and respectability that she should have a protector, companion, or attendant of her own sex. When this necessity suggested itself to Beaujeu (whose watchfulness never slumbered), he at once sought Ursule, and with little difficulty persuaded her to accompany them. He also induced Monsieur Le Grand to include her travelling expenses in those of Sylvie, and to make a small addition to the weekly salary of the latter, that she might be able to remunerate Ursule for her time and services.

Monsieur and Madame de la Roche contemplated yielding up their daughter without more sorrow than was natural; they had become wonderfully forbearing and reasonable. Sylvie's own emotions were of a conflicting character. The pain of parting from her father, before he was fully restored to health, counterbalanced the pleasure she experienced at the prospect of seeing foreign countries, gaining information, and entering fully upon the labors and glories of her profession.

The duties of Mathieu had been lightened by the convalescence of Monsieur de la Roche, and the poor cripple could not help feeling that the sole bright epoch of his shadowed existence was drawing to a close, and that his occupation would shortly be gone. From the moment that he heard of the proposed journey, his homely countenance betokened the most poignant grief, and though he said nothing, heavy sighs would burst from his laboring breast, as he crept about the room, and he became so absent that the invalid, for the first time, was forced to rebuke him for inattention.

This change in the deportment of the unfortunate boy did not escape Beaujeu; he comprehended its cause, and was readily moved to pity.

One morning, as he was conversing with de la Roche, and noticing the languid motions and drooping mien of the ungainly attendant, who was brushing his master's clothes, the musician came to a sudden resolution. Kindly impulses appeared, of late, to be ever uppermost in his nature.

"Le Grand cannot stir without his *valet!*" he said, addressing the invalid. "My toilette does not compare badly with his, now-a-days, but I have never indulged myself with the luxury of a *valet*. As I shall have a young lady under my charge to whom a servant might be useful, I have a great mind to engage one. What do you think? Mathieu appears to be tolerably handy and tolerably faithful—you are almost well enough to spare him—would you object to my taking him with us?"

With what a gasp and bound the deformed boy leapt from his corner, dropping coat and brush at the words! His hands clasped, his uncouth features distorted by the sudden transition from despair to hope, he ejaculated:

"Take me! take me with you! I will be the most faithful of servants! Say you will take me, or I shall die!"

"Young man, you are oppressively tragic!" replied Beaujeu, with mock gravity. "If a breath can save your life, we will not permit your immediate dissolution. You *shall* go with us! There—that will do. Now, don't interrupt us with any grimaces or gymnastic exhibitions. If you want to dance upon your head, go to the kitchen, and give Janette the benefit of the feat. Go! go!"

If Mathieu, when he rushed from his new master's sight, did not literally obey this bidding, he probably vented his ecstacy in a manner not less fantastical and comical.

Great, and ill-concealed, was the satisfaction of Madame de la Tour, when she learned that Sylvie was so shortly to leave Paris. Honorine, on the other hand, was inconsolable, and she made this approaching parting her excuse for spending every moment that she could absent herself from home with her friend. Claudine always accompanied her upon these visits. The Marquis had not made his appearance in the *Rue d'Angoûleme* since his interview with Monsiur de la Roche.

The revolution had burst forth by fits and starts, led by an invisible and nameless leader, and, as the excitement died away after each brief crisis, the higher classes entertained a hope that the proposed abdication of Louis Philippe would restore peace and order. It was during one of these apparently calm intervals that Honorine entreated Sylvie to accompany her to the Boulevards to a certain jeweller's, (one of the few who kept his shop open,) and assist in selecting a handsome snuff box for a parting token for Maitre Beaujeu.

The young girls were only accompanied in their expedition by the *femme de chambre* of Mademoiselle de St. Amar.

The equipage of the Marquis had reached the Boulevards, and was approaching its destination, when the alarmed occupants of the carriage suddenly became aware that the city was again in commotion, and on the eve of some fresh *émeute*. Groups of savage looking men were gathered here and there, talking loudly and gesticulating fiercely—others were occupied in tearing up the pavement and completing barricades commenced some days previous.

Honorine, at the entreaty of her more prudent attendant, had given the order to hasten home as rapidly as possible, when the sound of martial music, half drowned by the frantic shouts of the populace, broke on their startled ears. The carriage was suddenly turned, the horses dashed off into a gallop. Unfortunately the tumult came from the direction in which they were going. Down an adjacent street rushed a band of turbulent workmen, their blue *blouses* torn and flying in the wind—their grim faces rendered hideous with passion—their bare and brawny arms encumbered with clubs, and other instruments of attack.

Claudine leant out of the carriage to reconnoitre; but, in an instant, drew back, terror stricken, and crying as she hastily closed the window, "*Le drapeau rouge!* The red flag! The red flag! They are carrying the red flag and they are close upon us!"

The insurgents had substituted this ominous red banner for the tri-colored flag of France.

The coachman lashed his horses, but the high-spirited animals, unused to the whip, reared and plunged without making progress. The arms upon the panels of the carriage caught the attention of the mob, and, in a moment, the coach was surrounded.

Shouts of "*à bas les aristocrats!* Down with the aristocrats! Down with the aristocrats!" rose on every side.

In another instant the coachman was torn from his box and buffeted about among the crowd. The gaily dressed *chasseur* was pulled down, and his rich livery stripped off and rent to tatters. Both domestics were soon lost to the sight of the three terrified and unprotected women who helplessly witnessed the outrage.

The violent blow of a rude fist shattered the window-pane; another blow, on the opposite side, sent a shower of broken glass into the carriage. One sharp piece struck the white forehead of Honorine, and a bright, red current trickled down her face.

At this sight, Claudine lost all self-command, and her piercing shrieks mingled with the roars of the brutal men, who now thrust their ferocious faces into the carriage, charging those within to shout, "*Vive la Republique!* Long live the Republic!"

Claudine, not comprehending the order, wrung her hands, and sobbed and screamed hysterically, begging for mercy.

Honorine was struck as speechless as Sylvie through extreme terror. Pale and voiceless, the trembling maidens shrank into a corner, clinging to each other, and too much appalled for thought or action.

The doors of the carriage were plucked from their hinges—the steps let down—infuriated men mounted on either side, and thrust themselves half into the coach!

The shrieks of Claudine were redoubled, but still she took no heed of the command to join in the cry of "*Vive la Republique!*" One of the men seized her in his strong arms, and, in spite of her wild struggles, dragged her into the street.

Honorine sprang up aghast, clasped her hands imploringly—tried to speak, but fell back into a deep swoon!

With a jeering laugh, another man stretched his arms towards her, but before she was in his grasp, Sylvie had lifted her insensible form and clasped it tightly to her bosom.

The next instant she, too, was forcibly drawn from the carriage, and stood in the midst of the enraged crowd; but she had not relinquished her hold, and Honorine lay close to her wildly throbbing heart.

She knew that there was no mercy to be expected, even for women, and that the lives of two young girls, whom the maddened mob looked upon as obstinate aristocrats, would be meet food to satisfy or feed their fury. With the imminent peril, her paralyzing fears vanished—her presence of mind—her self-possession returned. She thought not of her own danger, (there was none for her, if the insurgents were only made aware that she herself was no aristocrat, but a child of the people,) it was the peril of the beloved friend lying senseless in her arms that quickened her wits. Truly it is

——"Very good for strength
To know that some one needs us to be strong!"

With that need for another, a strange, unnatural calmness, a marvellous power was infused into the strong soul of the feeble girl.

As the command to cry "*Vive la Republique!*" was echoed around her, coupled with savage threats, she lifted one arm with a gesture of command, then her glorious voice pealed forth in trumpet tones—

"Allons, enfans de la Patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!"[*]

and the stirring words of the Marseilles Hymn boomed over the heads of the multitude.

Her hat had fallen off, her dark, luxuriant hair streamed in wild confusion to her knees. Her large, blue eyes were dilated to a fiery blackness. The look of horror upon her blanched countenance melted into one of heroic resolve. One arm was still upraised, the other supported the light form of her unconscious companion, without seeming to tax her strength.

Over Sylvie's arm, as she sang, drooped Honorine's head; her hat, also, was gone—her chestnut hair unbound; the bright blood still oozed slowly from her temples and splashed, drop by drop, upon the disordered dress of the dauntless songstress.

With the first outringing of that patriotic adjuration, a death-like stillness fell upon the angry waves that so lately surged up, and roared around, threatening to swallow those two tender and defenceless beings. Men held their breaths in sudden awe, and with eyes fastened upon the heroic maiden who stood so fearlessly before them, seemed ready to prostrate themselves at her feet in dumb veneration. But when she reached the last verse, and with a fervor that electrified every heart, the words

"Amour sacré de la Patrie
Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs!"[†]

gushed forth, a perfect tempest of shouts rent the air; and the singer, borne onward as lightly as though she had floated upon that rapturous breath, was gently replaced in the carriage with Honorine lying in her arms. The eyes of the unconscious girl were still closed, and her sweet, upturned face gave no signs of life, save the slow trickling of the red drops.

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[*] "Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!"

[†] "Oh, liberty, can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

◆

The Best Friend and Companion.—The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we would gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

IN THE GRAVEYARD.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

And the sweetness dropped from the cherry-blooms
Over the sleep that is never stirred,
And the twilight drooped on her purple plumes,
And fluttered and moaned, like a dying bird,
Till I hid my face in the scented glooms.

The grasses were damp where the thorns had grown;
The bats flew close to the moldering stones;
Some wild, white buds, with a windy moan,
Fell with their faces against the graves,
And the moss-vails hung on the broken stone.

Out of the dim and dusky sky
A golden blossoming broke ere long,
And glittered and fell on the spring-woods nigh
Where a dove was hushing her sleepy song;
And we were together, the dead and I.

"The heart above, with its breaking strings,
Wails dissonant music, or stormy or slow;
But ah! what a beautiful stillness clings,
Sweet Death," I said, "to the hearts below,
That are touched with the calm of your pallid wings.

"But is memory still where the vanished go?"
Then I thought of a glorious dream of the past,
That faded and fell in a passionate wo,
Like a lotus-flower in a poisoned blast;
And I stared in the shadow and said, "You know.

"Come out of your silence once more, and seem
The thing that I loved in the years afar,
While the wild-bird flutters and sings in its dream,
And the yellow bloom of the evening star
Drops, as of old, in the whisperer's stream."

You came, and I saw the tremulous breeze
Blow the loose gold curls 'round your languid head;
You came, thro' a murmur of melodies,
You came, for love can awaken the dead,
You came, and stood by the cherry-trees.

You came, and your white hand was not cold,
And the violet eyes, oh they were not dim,
And we watched the moon-rise dripping with gold,
While the waters chanted a vesper hymn,
And your lip was flushed with the tales it told.

I could see the wings of the sun's pet birds,
I could hear the delicate sigh of the shells,
And the giant cry of the seas in your words.
Yet others had heard but the distant bells,
And seen but the glimmer of rocks and herds.

I whispered like one that is not awake:
"Does sorrow die with our dying breath?
Did it drop from your life like a wounded snake,
When the dust of your beauty was touched with death?
Oh tell me, oh tell me, for love's sweet sake.

"Say, is memory still, where the vanished go?
Say, Presence out of the spicy zones,
Let your sweet lip whisper the secret low,
While I wait by the mosses and broken stones:
Ah, you hide in your silence, and yet you know."

* * *

THE CAMP-FIRE APPARITION.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

"Forty years ago," said Uncle Abe Bradley, as he, one cold winter's evening, sat before a bright, cheerful fire, in his own comfortable dwelling, telling stories for the amusement and instruction of a happy group of young and eager listeners; "forty years ago, I became the owner of two hundred acres, of the wild, unoccupied lands of Maine. At that time I was twenty-two years of age, strong, robust, unmarried, in good spirits, a carpenter by trade, had a couple of hundred dollars in my possession, and was ready for any adventure that might turn up. The land I speak of had been left me by an eccentric relative, who had purchased it just long enough before his death to put it in his will for me; and no sooner had I become apprized of my good fortune, than I resolved upon going to see it; clearing up a few acres, building myself a comfortable frame house and then settling down there if I liked it. And, moreover, as I had been informed that my tract was at least ten miles from the nearest settlement, and five from the nearest dwelling, in a wild, gloomy part of a great dark forest where the deer still roamed, and bears, wolves and catamounts could be seen often enough to keep one's blood from getting sluggish, I thought it would be very fine and romantic to go and work there by myself, and become a sort of inland Robinson Crusoe.

"And now, my young friends, I am going to tell you of the one night I spent there.

"You must understand, though, first of all, that I had gone a journey of a hundred miles from my native place, to get to my 'estate,' as I proudly termed it, and, in company with a surveyor, had seen my land marked off so that I could not mistake it; but as we had both ridden there from the settlement, accomplished our business and returned the same day, I had not yet slept upon my own premises.

"Having made purchases at the settlement of such tools, utensils, and provisions as I could not do without, even for the first few days, I got up before light one fine morning, and, putting them over each shoulder and under each arm, and otherwise strapping them to me and securing them about my person in the best way I could, I set off under a load that I fancied would do credit to a mule. I do not remember now all I carried that morning through a wild, rugged, pathless forest, over hill and down dale and across two respectable streams, for ten long, weary miles—but I can mention enough to show that I was a much bigger fool then than I flatter myself I shall ever be again. First, there were my rifle and ammunition—indispensable articles, of course; then there were an ax, a spade, and a crowbar—all light enough when I started, but getting to weigh at least a hundred pounds each before I got to my destination; then there were a pot, a kettle, a frying-pan, a couple of tin cups and plates, a knife, fork, ladle and spoon—for I must have the means of cooking; then there were a bag of corn meal, another of rye flour, a ham, a junk of salt pork, coffee, sugar, tea, salt and pepper—for perforce I must have something to live on; and then there were—— But I guess I have enumerated enough to let you see I was a pretty well-loaded jack.

"Well, I reached my 'estate' about nine o'clock in the morning, having been four hours on the way, and so utterly fatigued that I took another good hour to rest myself before proceeding to get my breakfast. At length I collected some dry sticks and brush, started a fire, boiled some coffee, mixed up a sort of nondescript cake and baked it, fried a piece of ham, and, using the trunk of a fallen tree for a table, one of my blankets for a table-cloth, and a stone for a seat, I sat down to the first meal I ever cooked in the wilderness. And mighty good eating it was, too, I tell you—for hunger is a great seasoner—and even poor fare has a fine relish when eaten in the open air, and especially in the solitude of the great forest.

"As I sat devouring my first meal from that fallen tree, on that solitary estate which belonged solely to me—with great trees spreading a canopy over my head—the fruitful earth teeming beneath my feet—a gentle stream murmuring along beside me—a light breeze playing with the leaves, sighing gently among the trees, and softly fanning my brow—gay, beautiful birds flying hither and thither, and singing sweetly all around me—the bright sun pouring down through the clear, blue arch of heaven, and crinkling sportively among the green foliage,—as I sat eating there, I say, amid this combination of charming sights and sounds, feeling myself in truth an independent 'monarch of all I surveyed,' I thought the hermit's life of solitude must be one of the most delightful in the world, and that I had just succeeded in reaching an earthly paradise. This only convinces me now, on looking back to it, that a man can be as much of a fool at any age over a new pleasure as a child over a new toy.

"Remembering, however, as I went on with my meal, that as yet I had not a house on my grand estate in which to lay my head, and that it was never a part of my design to sleep in the open air, where, besides the chances of taking cold and getting a touch of rheumatism, some prowling wild beast might venture to make his supper on my happy person, I hurried through my breakfast and prepared for my work, determined upon having up some kind of a shanty before the sun should take his leave of me.

"I selected my sight near the summit of a hill that commanded a fine view of the lower lands in the direction of the settlement, and within a few yards of a clear, cold spring that bubbled up in the centre of a dense thicket, and ran purling away down the declivity, and there set to work in earnest, cutting down the trees and cutting them up for my dwelling.

"I worked hard all the rest of that day, and by night I had up a very good skeleton of a rather primitive sort of a cabin. It was not of course intended as any sort of protection against a human enemy, but only as a safeguard against the weather and wild beasts, till such time as I could complete the frame house I intended to build; yet weak and temporary as was its original design, it did not possess even that much strength in its unfinished state—for, when the sun went down, it had nothing in the shape of a door to close against any nocturnal visitant.

"This, however, did not give me much uneasiness, as I believed that, with logs, sticks and brush, I could readily make the place secure against any four-footed animals; and being both tired and hungry, I proceeded to kindle a fire in front of the open doorway and cook my evening meal.

"Now up to this time I had been very happy and contented, often thinking through the day how glorious it was to be so free and unrestrained, and independent of every human being, and asking myself if I should ever tire of such a life, even if I were to live to see the frosts of age; but suddenly, I know not why, a dark shadow began to steal over my spirit, along with the shadows of the coming night that were stealing over the earth. I looked up and around with a peculiar chilling sensation, as if expecting to see something fearful, just as one is apt to feel when walking alone in the dead of night beside a country grave-yard, after having been excitedly entertained for the last two hours with most wonderful ghost stories.

"Ugh! how chilly and disagreeable I did feel, sure enough!

"Around me was a wall of woods and dense thickets; and only in one direction, down over the lowlands I have mentioned, could I see any distance; but even here the deep veil of night, like a cloud of mist, was being gradually drawn over the scene, and the more distant objects were every moment fading from my view. Then all the happy, joyous sounds of day had become so still, as if even Nature were holding her breath in expectation of something awful! The breeze had ceased with the setting sun, and every leaf hung motionless, and the flame of my fire burned straight upward, just sufficiently wavering its red tongues to make strange, fantastic shadows dance upon the uneven forest wall, against which it flashed with different degrees of light. The gay birds no longer fluttered and twittered and sung, but had all gone off to rest, and the drowsy hum of the day insects, and the chirrup of the playful squirrels, were no longer heard; but instead of these the hoarse croakings of the marsh denizens, the dismal hootings of here and there an owl, and now and then a deep, mysterious sigh, as if all nature were sad and sorrowful, filled the mind with a painful sense of dreariness and desolation.

"As the dark shadows of night deepened and grew blacker and more black, I began to grow restless and uneasy—to feel as if something horrible was creeping or gathering around me; and when, with a mental 'pshaw,' I compelled my nerves to be calm and steady, and turned my head from side to side with a bold, quiet look, I almost expected my eyes to fasten upon some gigantic and monstrous shape, perhaps resembling nothing that mortal eye had ever gazed upon before. I no longer envied the lonely life of the hermit—no longer gloried in the solitary freedom of an Alexander Selkirk—but felt I would have given much for the presence of some tried companion. The truth is, though I was loth to own it even to myself, I was becoming scared—fearfully frightened—and when there suddenly came to my ears the startling howl of some prowling wolf, I sprung to my feet, with my supper half eaten, hurried all my little stock of goods and provisions into my cabin, hurled on a few logs and brush upon my fire, and got everything ready for closing up my door against intrusion.

"But to be fully prepared for a sudden emergency, I now examined my rifle, emptied the priming and put in fresh, and was on the point of adding a second ball—standing the while inside of my cabin, before the still open door, with the ruddy fire-light flashing full upon me and revealing my whole person—when suddenly the great forest resounded with a most wild, prolonged, unearthly shriek, that seemed to proceed from a dense, dark thicket right before me, on the other side of the burning pile. What a shriek!—what an unnatural, infernal shriek!—it seems as if I can hear it yet; and in an instant I felt the blood rush to my heart, my knees quiver, my whole nervous system relax, and the perspiration of terror stream from every pore.

"I stood my ground, however, for what else could I do? there was no alternative, and with what little strength there was left me, I brought my rifle into a position to fire upon whatever should appear, whether of this world or the other—man, animal, devil or hobgoblin.

"For some minutes a deep and awful stillness prevailed, as if all other sounds had been swallowed up in that one, and hurled outward into eternal space; and all that time I stood like a quaking aspen, with my eyes riveted and glaring upon the black thicket, where the flickering flame made monstrous, unshaped shadows dance like demons. And then, just when I had begun to reason to myself that perhaps, by some unknown law, my startled fancy had created to my interior sense the sounds which I had not really heard, and which had never had existence, that same wild, unearthly shriek came forth again, and ended with a shrill, mocking, demoniac laugh, that seemed to float and dance in the air above.

"'God have mercy on me!' cried I, sinking down upon my knees, too weak and terrified to stand upright.

"Bringing forward my rifle so as to rest and point straight through the open door toward the fire and the black thicket beyond, and glaring outward to behold whatever fearful shape or phantom might appear, I remained there immovable, like a human being transformed into a sculptured statue.

"And then and there, my young friends, I saw a sight which almost froze my blood, and which is before my mental vision now as clearly as it was before my mortal vision then, and which I shall carry as vividly to my grave. It was a head—a human head—with great shocks of bristling red hair, that spread out every way, and rolled shaggily down over a low, receding forehead, and joined with long, shaggy eyebrows, above eyes that were large, wild, black and fiery. There was but little nose, the face just there seeming to be hollow and skull-like; but there were high, protruding cheek bones, covered with a withered and hairy skin. The mouth was immensely large, with thick, flabby lips, and tremendous jaws, resembling those of some wild beast, while the lower part of the face was covered with a kind of reddish, hairy beard, that hung low down upon the breast.

"And this awful head, protruding above the burning pile, whose ruddy, flickering glare gave it a most ghastly and unearthly appearance, and whose playing shadows seemed to contort the face into the hideous grinning of a demon—this awful head, I say, fixed its awful eyes upon me, and there remained, motionless as a rock, a living incubus, for a period that seemed an age to me, who was compelled to sit and stare back, fearing to move, lest it should up and leap upon me, and not daring to fire, lest I should miss my aim and be wholly at its mercy.

"At last, slowly, slowly, almost imperceptibly, I saw the huge shock head rising above the crackling flame, bringing up a hairy breast and arms, and hands whose long, bony fingers and nails looked rather like the claws of a beast; and then, when it had gained an erect posture, in the form of a human being, whether possessing the soul or not—it began to move around the fire toward me, with a motion so slow as scarcely to be perceived, keeping those wild, fiery black eyes all the time riveted upon, and fairly burning into mine.

"Slowly, slowly, almost imperceptibly, this human monster, naked and covered with hair, a perfect gorgon, drew nearer and nearer to me; while I, like one spell-bound, paralyzed but conscious, prayed God that my senses might not desert me, and that my good rifle might not fail me when I should pull the trigger. Nearer, nearer, till only a few feet divided us, and then click went the lock, and, horror of horrors! the piece missed fire.

"With a wild yell I leaped to my feet, knife in hand, to rush upon my foe; when, with a shriek and a laugh that curdled my blood, he wheeled and bounded away into the surrounding darkness, passing forever from my sight.

"As may readily be believed, I slept none that night; and the next morning saw me, pale and haggard, on my way to the settlement, where I made arrangements for disposing of my grand estate, and then took French leave of the wilderness, firmly resolved to spend the rest of my life among civilized beings in respectable society, and let those turn hermits who might chance to possess no better sense than I left home with.

"In explanation of what I saw, I will merely add, that I afterwards learned of a dangerous wild man being seen, hunted and captured in that region, and who, from the description given, I have always believed to be the same awful being that nearly scared the life out of me over my first and last camp-fire in the forest."

* * *

BE ON YOUR GUARD.

Be on your guard! for kindred ties
By falsehood may be broken;
The heart may wear a deep disguise
Though friendship be its token!
The man who smiles with blandest grace
Perchance may seal your sorrow;
For by his words 'tis clear to trace
The dulness of to-morrow!

Be on your guard! and look afar,
Believe not all thou hearest;
And look at mortals as they are,
And trust the one who's nearest!
The hope that brightens Time and Fate,
May charm thee as it's flowing;
But, like the sun at Heaven's gate,
'Tis sinking while it's glowing!

Be on your guard! by day and night,
When Beauty's smile is glist'ning;
For though your deeds be out of sight,
The angels may be list'ning.
Calm Pleasure has her garlands wove,
By Fancy's snowy fingers;
And Truth can turn a charm to love,
And Music while it lingers!

Be on your guard! for life may end
As youth's gay dreams are shining;
The charm on which you lean may bend,
Though joy be round it twining!
The lips that whisper soft and sweet,
From whence bright words come streaming,
Bedew a wreath whose flowers meet,
And kiss Love's soul while dreaming!

* * *

PLAIN TRUTHS IN PLAIN WORDS.

Mr. Speaker, I repeat it, women are an abused class. That is not saying that I adore them; as I'm no hypocrite, I don't; still I will not stand by, and see anybody else abuse 'em. Among the many charges made against women by a sex who are answerable for two-thirds of their follies, is this: "Women give so much of their time and attention to dress." I will not stop to consider the omnipotence of this very dress-power, artistically used, to fascinate these same complainants away from the side of the most sensible little body in the world, provided the jewel of her mind has a homely setting; but waiving that well established fact, let us look into the subject a little.

When a *man* wants a new suit of clothes, he goes to his tailor, selects the cloth, has his measure taken, and there's an end of it. In a few hours the bundle comes home, and let us trust, is paid for. A *woman* has need of a dress; perhaps for herself, perhaps for a brood of little ones. Several stores must be visited before she can find the article suited to her necessities, and the means furnished by her husband. The dresses bought, your male creature fancies the thing is done. Goose! not at all. Other stores must now be visited for "hooks and eyes," "linings," "facings," "buttons," sewing-silk, &c., wherewith to make them. If beyond this, any ornamental trimming is needed, and colors are to be matched, the labor is doubled. Perhaps some innocent hat inquires here: "Why don't your dressmaker, like our tailor, do all this?" Sometimes they do, sir, for a consideration in the bill; but to stave off the grumbling you make about paying for it, your wife often does it instead. Now be quiet, while I finish what I have to say. After all this, comes the search-warrant for the dressmaker; who if not "sick," "or gone out of town," may agree to attend to your almost unpostponable necessity; *i. e.* if it don't rain, or if her sister is not going to be married. The important day arrives, and if you are lucky so does *she*. You count up your buttons and other trash, to see if everything is right; pour a cup of coffee down her throat, fortify yourself with one, and go at it. You are not now to be let off easy, tailor-fashion, by being simply "measured." You are to be undressed, and thumbed, and pinched, and pulled round, and if you have not taken the precaution to put on more under clothes than usual—to prevent that horror—a tight fit—you are to be squeezed in your new waist within an inch of your life; beside this, if your dressmaker is not scientific, you are to "try it on," half a dozen times. This ceremony may be at your own house, or hers, in which latter case, you are safe to have curious spectators of your own sex. At length, the dress is finished; (I foresee the pun you are making about "at length," and I despise it.) At length—after all this mighty pother as I said—the dress is finished, and you wear it to dinner, and some gentleman who is carving a turkey, sends a drumstick into your lap by way of christening it; or you wear it out on a promenade, and the male-hoof is put through it, or some "gentleman" who passes you, affixes to it a proof of his regard, in the shape of an indelible tobacco-stain. As to the dress being costly, or the contrary, the botheration of shopping and getting it put together is all the same.

Now if the male creature knew the meaning of the word *justice* where woman was concerned, I should like to ask *him*—who in the course of a half hour's conference with his tailor can settle the question of clothes for a whole year—how, in the name of common sense, under the circumstances above stated, a woman can *help* giving a great part of her "thoughts and attention to dress?" I would hint, too, in this connection, as the last ounce on the camel's back—her ever present nightmare horror of spending a sixpence or a dollar more in her purchases than she has conjugal authority for doing; only that I know it won't do to allude to such a subject even in sight of a new box of cigars, or a basket of champagne in a counting-room, or any of those "necessary expenses" which discreet females should always be silent about.

The truth is—thank Heaven for the few exceptions!—that life for most women is a horrid grind. They are placed in a treadmill, and then taunted for being narrowed down to its peck-measure limits.

FANNY FERN.

* * *

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BAY RIDGE.—We have received a letter dated at and signed Bay Ridge, which is written in an elegant feminine hand, and in a style that would do credit to Madame de Savigny, in which the writer, after paying a tasteful and discriminating tribute to the excellence of Mrs. Ritchie's "Mute Singer," takes us to task, in a friendly and elegant way, for "quoting that Parisian authority on dress, in an 'Answer' in the LEDGER a few weeks since. The Parisians," says our correspondent, (who, by the way, seems to have a mind of her own, and a highly cultivated one, too,) "are doubtless high authorities in matters of dress, but that is no reason why American ladies should *blindly* follow their teachings. As you have a way of engaging the most illustrious personages to write for the LEDGER, it may be that the 'Answer' on the dress question was written by the Empress Eugenie herself, but if I knew that supposition to be a fact, it would make no difference with me. I prefer to consider *what is said*, rather than *who says it*. And when the Empress Eugenie, or *any* writer for the LEDGER, says that 'pale blue and scarlet go well together,' I say that she commits a most palpable error, as any person with an eye for *harmony of color* knows. Again, when the Empress says that '*gold* requires a *warm tint* to *give it life*,' she is in error. Gold is not a *cold* color, and requires nothing to give it life. On the contrary, gold itself gives life to cold tints. In conclusion, permit me to express (although it is not relevant to the topic I have been discussing) the great pleasure I take in reading the LEDGER, and especially the 'Notices to Correspondents.'—P. S.—When will Mrs. Southworth commence another story in the LEDGER?" Mrs. Southworth is now writing a story, which we expect will be ready for publication in a few weeks.

LEWIS.—The following is a weighty question: "I weigh 105 pounds; do you think it advisable for me to marry a woman of 136 pounds?" As we have never before had to consider marriage in an avoirdupois point of view, we are really unable to give a positive answer to this inquiry. We should think that a husband of that calibre would need a powerful wife to lift him o'er life's puddles, but, then, what woman of 136 pounds would be contented with half a husband? Half a loaf is certainly better than no bread, but we doubt whether a lady of such magnitude would be able to view a fragment of a man as better than no husband. Besides, in a republic, a majority rules, and we fear that a wife who had a majority of 31 pounds over her husband, would forget a truth which all large majorities are too apt to forget, namely, that minorities have rights which majorities are bound to respect. On the other hand, where can a man of 105 pounds find a wife light enough for him? He must either marry a majority or remain unmarried. In short, this great question is so surrounded with difficulties, that we give it up in despair. P. S. If the marriage takes place, will the kitchen scales be regarded as the balance of power?

MOORE.—This correspondent says he has not been in the habit of reading the LEDGER, but still, he would like to take the liberty of stating a case and asking our opinion upon it. "Some time since," he says, "I went to a small inland village, where I saw the village belle surrounded by her lovers. For the sake of competition, I strove to win her favor, and thus made enemies of all her admirers. I do not love her, but unfortunately she is in love with me, and I wish you to tell me some honorable means of retreating from the dilemma in which I find myself." It was unnecessary for you to tell us that you have not been in the habit of reading the LEDGER, for we do not believe that a habitual reader of our paper would ever betray such a lack of moral principle and high-toned manliness as you exhibit in this matter. You seem incapable of comprehending what *honor* is, and your conceit is as excessive as your honor is deficient. We do not think it would be so exceedingly difficult for you to get away from that "village" as you seem to imagine it would be. It is more than likely that all parties, the village belle included, are making a fool of you.

H. H. D.—The first balloon was sent up in France, June 5th, 1783, by two brothers, Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier, paper makers. It was simply a large linen bag, open at one end; and the ascending force was nothing more than air rarified by heat. A fire of chopped straw was kindled under the bag, the projectors thinking that the smoke would carry it up. On being let go, the balloon rushed upward with a rapidity that astonished every beholder. In five minutes it had gone up a mile, and after remaining stationary for ten minutes, it rapidly descended at the distance of a mile and a half from the starting place. All Europe was interested in this experiment, which was soon repeated everywhere. Gas was soon substituted for heated air. The first men who ever went up in a balloon were Pilatre de Rosier and the Marquis d'Arlandes, who ascended Nov. 21st, 1783. Their balloon was inflated by heated air, but they made a very successful ascension. Part of the expense of this grand experiment was borne by Dr. Franklin.

R. S.—Pontiac, the celebrated Indian warrior, was an Ottawa chief of great influence with all the western tribes. He began his siege of Detroit in 1762. That post was then commanded by an accomplished English officer named Gladwin, who had but 120 men under his command. The siege was kept up for fifteen months, and many and terrible were the encounters between the troops and the swarming savages. Although the latter outnumbered the former ten to one. British pluck and fortitude, aided by military science, proved an overmatch for the fiery valor and fierce hatred of the Indians, and Pontiac was at last compelled to abandon the siege. He set about forming a league between all the tribes to exterminate the English, but was assassinated in 1769 by an Indian who had been bribed with a barrel of whiskey to kill him.

BOSTON.—The members of Congress during the revolutionary war received a guinea and a half per diem. Under the constitution of 1787 the pay was fixed at six dollars, which was afterwards increased to eight dollars, and recently to three thousand dollars a year. The mileage, franking privilege, stationery and books raise the emoluments of members to an average of about four thousand dollars per annum, which is not far from forty dollars for each day that Congress is in session. Considering all things, we do not think the present rate of payment much too high. If a man is not worth three thousand dollars a year, he ought not to be a member of Congress.

CONGRESS.—Buncombe is a county in North Carolina. The word is said to have acquired the peculiar meaning to which you refer in the following manner: A member of Congress from Buncombe County was delivering a prosy speech in the House, which had the effect of nearly emptying it. A friend called his attention to the smallness of his audience, and suggested that he had better cut his speech short. "Oh," said he in reply, "I am speaking to Buncombe." Hence, all speeches which are designed not to influence the action of Congress, but to please the speaker's constituents, are now styled Buncombe speeches, or simply Buncombe.

WHISKERS.—This correspondent says, "Several of us have sent money to ———, of your city, for a preparation claiming to *produce whiskers in a few weeks*, but not one of us has ever heard a word from him, his preparation, or the money sent. What do you think of it?" We think that you and your friends ought to tarry in the Jericho of caution until your whiskers be *grown*, and then you would probably know better than to send your money to a stranger of whose responsibility you do not know, and have no means of knowing, anything.

SEVERAL YOUNG LADIES want to know "what has become of Tommy—the life and soul of the Japanese embassy?" In reply, we can only say that from the "newspaper reports," his native air did not seem to agree with Tommy. A few days after he landed from the Niagara at Jeddo, he was reported dead. Coroner's inquests and post mortem examinations not being in vogue with the Japanese authorities, the manner in which he shuffled off this mortal coil, or had it shuffled off for him, will probably never be known to his American admirers. One theory is that he died of love; another, that he died of *delirium tremens*. The latter hypothesis is decidedly the most plausible. The youth was remarkably "fast." Twice while he was in New York he came within an ace of brain fever in consequence of his excessive potations. All the Embassadors were regular "soakers," but Tommy, notwithstanding his tender years, possessed a capacity of absorption that threw his seniors completely into the shade. Brandy punches, juleps, champagne, cocktails, burgundy, porter, sangarees, disappeared with wonderful rapidity under his manipulations. Nothing that "make drunk," as he phrased it, came amiss to him; and he kept up his debauch by night as well as by day—frequently rising from his bed to ring the bell for fresh supplies. Under such circumstances, we see no reason for supposing that Tommy committed compulsory suicide, or was assassinated. If the grave and reverend seignors of Japan wanted to get rid of him, all they had to do was to give him free access to a liquor cask. That style of "happy dispatch" would have been as certain as any other. He was probably as profligate a young barbarian as ever trod the road to ruin in a civilized way.

JOHN.—We often wonder that young men and women should be so lacking in spirit as not to see at once what they ought to do when they are insulted or ill-treated. An eminent philosopher says that *a brave and honest heart* sees farther than a clear head, and we are inclined to agree with him. It seems to us that if our correspondent "John" were possessed of proper spirit and self-respect, he would not be at a loss as to what he should do under the following circumstances. He says, "I was engaged to be married to a girl when she left to pay a visit to a sister, in whose family are two young men. Since she has been there she has slighted me altogether, and allowed those young men to wait upon her, telling me to stay away if I did not like it. What shall I do?" It seems to us that you should not need that piece of advice a second time. A young man who will go whining about a girl under such circumstances will always be imposed upon and fooled to the top of his bent.

PATERFAMILIAS.—Our information will reach you too late to be of use; but in case any other of our readers should receive a present of a turtle from the West Indies, and not know how to kill it, we may just mention that the mode usually practiced is the following: The turtle is hung up to a beam by means of a rope fastened round its hinder fins. If the turtle is large and vigorous, it is best to tie its fore fins down to its body by passing a rope round the same. Having thus placed the creature entirely *hors du combat*, the next step is to cut off its ridiculous little head. This is usually done in the evening, and the turtle is allowed to hang all night. In the morning he is laid on a table on his back, cut out of his shell, carefully dressed, the fins cut off, and the flesh properly divided. We strongly advise any gentleman who may be favored with the gift of a turtle, not to attempt to have it dressed without the assistance of an experienced hand, who may be obtained at any large restaurant.

A FOUR-YEARS' SUBSCRIBER.—"A gentleman friend of mine is very much in love with the daughter of his employer. Not long since he accompanied her on a pic-nic, but was naturally rather reserved; whereupon the young lady commenced flirting with another young man, whom she allowed to escort her home. The first-named gentleman, feeling quite aggrieved, has not spoken to her since, and maintains that he is right. What do you say about it?" We think that the young girl felt annoyed and chagrined at the gentleman's reserve, which she could not understand, and under the influence of those feelings, did only what a man, under the same circumstances would have done when so treated by a lady. Young men are too apt to think they can indulge any mood that suits them at the moment, and that ladies are bound to understand and overlook it. The gentleman, in this case, is in the wrong.

G. E. M. puts the following question: "Can a young lady really *love* the man to whom she is engaged, when she persists in kissing a married man, contrary to her lover's expressed wishes on the subject?" No—we do *not* believe that people, married or unmarried, can really "love" those whom they pretend to, when they *wilfully* tease or annoy them, or give them pain about *anything*, no matter how trifling. There are certain natures having what is called "an ugly streak," which do this whenever and wherever they feel inclined, *if they only find it gives pain*. We pity the sensitive soul doomed to be daily harrowed by those so wanting in magnanimity, generosity and true nobleness. Such persons may well be called "fiendish."

SYLVIA, who writes a pretty hand, says that "on behalf of a friend" she wants the privilege of asking, "How should a lady treat a gentleman who is in the habit of becoming intoxicated, and at such times is vulgar and profane; but who, when not under the influence of drink, is everyway estimable and agreeable, particularly in ladies' society?" She should have nothing to do with such a man, because she is never safe, but may be at any time insulted by him. Such men have no right to intrude into the society of ladies; if they will make beasts of themselves, let them consort with their own kind.

FANNIE.—"I have two lovers," writes Fannie, "one of whom persists in addressing me as if he had a claim on me, although he knows that I dislike him and love another. What ought I to do with him?" We cannot see why you should be obliged to be so annoyed by an ungentlemanly swain. You need not see him when he calls, and he would not call often if you always refused to see him. Have a little decision yourself, or call on your friend to rid you of his importunities.

DOUGLAS.—You say you invited a lady to a Sabbath evening lecture; she declined, being fearful of taking cold. Upon going yourself to church, you found this very lady present with another gentleman. What are you to think? We should say that, unless she explains such an extraordinary and sudden *attack of health*, you should take it as a hint that your company is not wanted.

MINNESOTA.—Instead of bothering your brains in the vain endeavor to write essays, perhaps you could spend your time more profitably in learning the rudiments of grammar, your need of which appears very plainly in your letter. If you defer writing essays until you have something to write, you will not then be at a loss how to write it. We must all learn, before we can teach with any effect.

DAYTON.—The best chronometer watches that have ever been made vary from the correct time three seconds in two months. It is not likely that perfect accuracy will ever be attained. The chronometers used in the navy are subjected to a six months' trial in a room where the temperature is made to vary extremely; and, finally, to six weeks' trial at the heart of the tropics.

MEDIATOR.—You have a friend who loves a young lady; this young lady's mother doubts the young man's motives in "loving" her daughter, though you are positive they are perfectly honorable. The mother wishes him to *go*, the daughter to *stay*. What shall he do? Gain the good will of the mother by frank and judicious conduct. Then all will be easy.

HENRY.—Red fire results from the ignition of the following compound: nitrate of strontia, forty parts; flowers of sulphur, thirteen parts; chlorate of potash, five parts, sulphuret of antimony, four parts. The mixture can be bought ready made at the manufactories of fireworks.

LONG ISLAND.—By the census of 1840 it was ascertained that the hog population of the United States was twenty-six millions and a quarter. In 1850 it was computed that the number of hogs was forty-five millions. There are now, probably, not less than sixty millions, or two swine to every human inhabitant.

INQUISITIVE BOY.—No, sir; cat-gut is not usually (if ever) made of the intestines of a cat; but of those of sheep and cattle. The finest is made in Italy. Lean, old animals, it is said, furnish the material for the strongest article.

CONSTANT READER.—Man is certainly an animal. The word animal is derived from a Latin word which signifies air, or breath. The meaning of the word animal, therefore, is a breathing creature, which man unquestionably is.

JOSEPHINE.—You must be stupendously unsophisticated not to know that it is improper for you to allow gentlemen to sit and hold your hand while visiting you. That is a familiarity allowable only when the parties are engaged, or nearly related.

MANLIUS.—The only course for one to pursue who is unjustly suspected of a crime, and yet cannot prove his innocence, is to live down the suspicion. Keep on doing your duty, and your innocence will be made to appear at last.

SUSIE.—It is not customary for a young lady to wear the likeness of a gentleman to whom she is not engaged, nor would it be proper for her to do so.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*